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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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Vannevar Bush, author of "Modern Arms and Free Men." *(See page 13)*

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By M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

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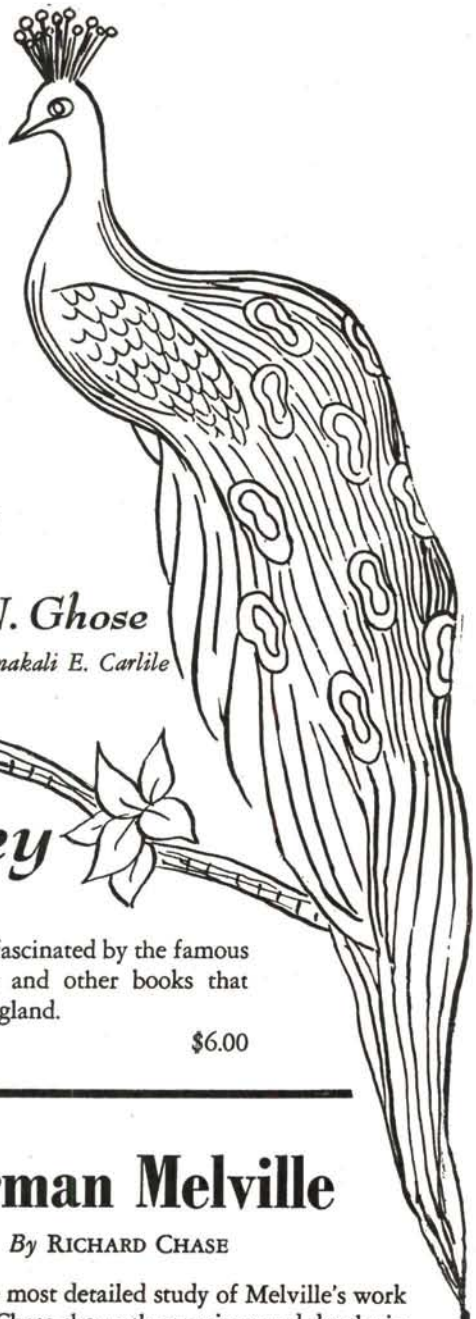

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November 19, 1949

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TRADE Winds

WARD MOREHOUSE, still starry-eyed about the theatre after twenty years of recording its triumphs and debacles, has written in "Matinee Tomorrow" (Whittlesey House) the kind of warm, nostalgic memoir that makes every reader grope into his own past for recollections of his earliest adventures in play-going. I closed my own eyes, for instance, and relived my boyhood visits to the Alhambra Theatre to see Eva Tanguay, Alice Lloyd, Jesse Lasky's "Red Heads," and a dramatic sketch that seemed to me the last word in suspense, called "Circumstantial Evidence." The scene was a jury room, where one stubborn juror held out against eleven who were determined to bring in a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." Turned out he had a mighty good reason too: he had committed the murder himself. His confession had the audience (including me) cheering so vociferously the Simonet caramels popped right out of our mouths.

Round the corner on 125th Street the Harlem Opera House stock company, headed by Paul McAllister, was doing "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The Old Homestead" in style. Farther west, Hurtig and Seamon's burlesque emporium was "out of bounds" for twelve-year-olds. We had to content ourselves gazing wonderingly at posters of buxom blondes in black tights, and taking out our frustration in pilfering soap erasers and Spencerian steel pen-points from the Woolworth branch across the street. Best of all was the West End Theatre, on the other side of the "el" tracks, where Broadway productions were moved intact at the conclusion of their downtown runs. When we could promote the necessary funds, we would settle happily into our balcony seats to see such shows as "The Gentleman from Mississippi" with John Mason and Douglas Fairbanks, "He Came from Milwaukee" with Sam Bernard, "Cameo Kirby" with Dustin Farnum, "The Girl from Havana" with Jimmy Powers, and (anything to keep our parents in good humor) Sothern and Marlowe in improperly appreciated Shakespearian repertoire. Oh, happy days! No television screen or motion-picture camera could possibly give the kids of 1949 the thrill we experienced when Keller the Magician made a girl in a trance rise slowly from a downy coach, and we were summoned from the orchestra to demonstrate by means of a silver hoop that she wasn't suspended by wires. (How the devil *did* he manage that trick anyhow?)

BACK TO "MATINEE TOMORROW." It opens in the year 1898, when "New Yorkers chewed Beeman's pepsin gum, drank Hunter's Baltimore rye, took steamers to Albany, Troy, and Old Point Comfort, and went to the Studebaker shop on Prince Street for their carriage repairs. It was a time of wasp waists, high button shoes, and Gibson girls. Sousa's band, William Jennings Bryan, and the Klondike were in the news. The best-selling books were 'Quo Vadis?,' 'Caleb West,' and 'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' The biggest play hits were 'The Heart of Maryland,' 'Secret Service,' and 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'" Richard Mansfield essayed the role of Cyrano with an unknown ingenue named Margaret Anglin cast as Rozane. Mansfield had asked her, "Do you think you could make yourself pretty enough to play Roxane?" "Yes," answered Miss Anglin, "if you could make yourself ugly enough to play Cyrano"—and the part was hers. At the Casino Theatre "Florodora" opened and the sextette who sang "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" became the target of every stage-door Johnny in town. "They got jewels and pearls and horses and town houses," recalls Morehouse. "One of them bagged a modest gift of $250,000 in gilt-edge securities from an impetuous admirer. It was the fashion to brag about the number of times you had seen 'Florodora.'" (The sons and grandsons of the old bucks who crowded into "Florodora" are under a similar spell with "South Pacific" today. A little shop on Sixth Avenue actually is selling creased programs and used ticket stubs for front-row seats to the Rodgers-Hammerstein-Logan smash for out-of-towners with a curious sense of values to wave before en-

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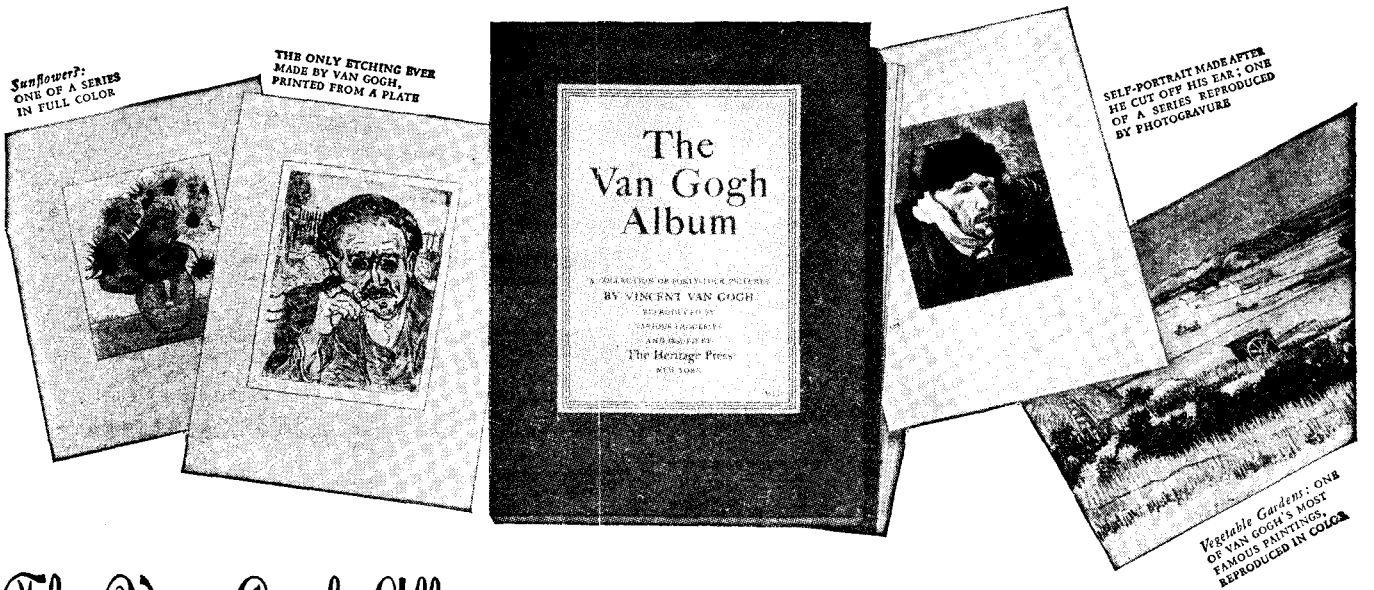
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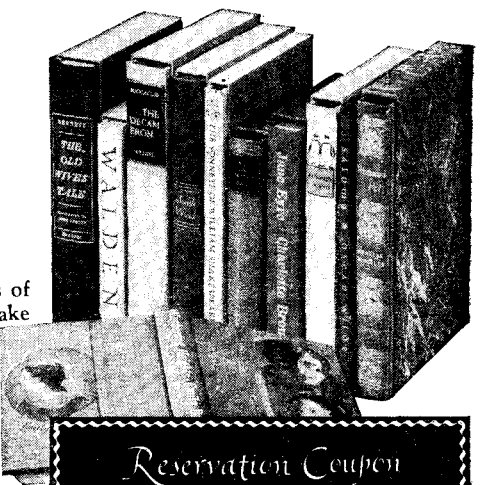

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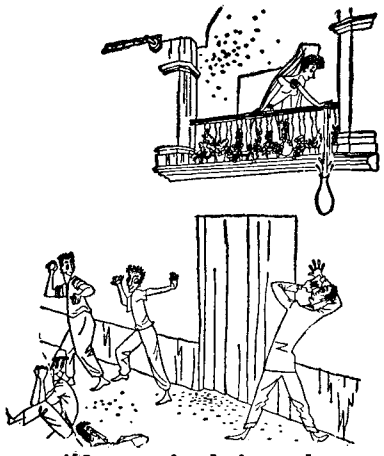

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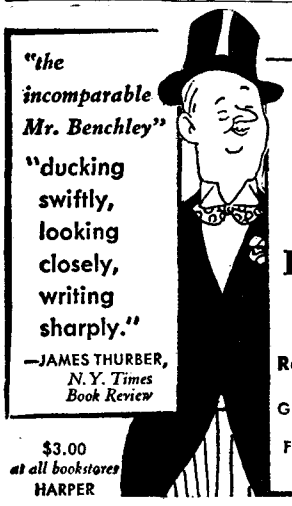

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"So I thought I'd buy this old place and settle down with a few books."

vious friends upon their return from a visit to New York.)

The immortal Duse, says Ward, had heard so many stories about the atrocious weather in America that before she came here she demanded a clause in her contract calling for an even temperature of 72 degrees in every dressing room assigned to her. An ingenious master carpenter exclaimed, "I fix," and fashioned a thermometer that registered exactly 72 come blizzard or heat wave. "Wonderful country," remarked a contented Duse before sailing for home. "It renn, it snow, it frizz, it blow—but de termometer, he is always 72." As an afterthought, she remarked, "Funny, I sink, how much hotter 72 ees in Chicago than it ees in New York!"

IF YOU'VE wondered where Ethel Barrymore first used the sentence "That's all there is; there isn't any more," Morehouse discloses that the play was "Sunday," produced by Charles Frohman at the Hudson Theatre in 1906. Three actors wrote it, and three thousand mimics gave them cause to regret it. . . . Paul Armstrong, author of "The Deep Purple" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine," had more trouble with his producers than Bette Davis encountered forty years later with the Warner Brothers. When "The Deep Purple" wowed an opening-night audience, George M. Cohan told Armstrong, "It's great, kid. You ought to thank George Tyler and the entire cast." "I'm not speaking to them," snapped Armstrong. "Then thank Hugh Ford for his direction," urged Cohan. "I'm not speaking to him either," said Armstrong. Later Cohan was asked why Armstrong hadn't made a curtain speech. "Didn't you know?" grinned Cohan. "He's not speaking to the audience." . . . When the O'Higgins-Ford comedy, "The Dummy," opened in New York in 1914 a boy detective was played to a farethee-well by young Ernest Truex, and a golden-haired minx named Joyce Fair supported him. Little Joyce did all right for herself when she grew up. You know her as Clare Boothe Luce. . . .

IN 1918 the Theatre Guild came into existence—and George S. Kaufman did his first job of play doctoring. The play, "Someone in the House," gave every evidence of being a turkey in its try-out weeks, and Kaufman was lured from the drama desk at the *Times* to build up the role of a budding star named Lynn Fontanne. He couldn't save "Someone in the House," but the character he created (with a valuable assist from FPA) emerged in full glory as

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"Dulcy" a couple of years later. Incidentally, Kaufman's suggested ads for hypoing attendance at "Someone in the House" were indignantly rejected by the producer. One read, "Avoid crowds! See 'Someone in the House' at the Knickerbocker Theatre"; the other urged, "Want to be alone with your girl? Rush to the Knickerbocker any evening or matinee." . . . In 1921 Francine Larrimore opened in a play called "Nice People," by Rachel Crothers. Playgoers commented on the work of two attractive but minor members of the cast: Katharine Cornell and Tallulah Bankhead. . . .

The above are items selected at random from Ward Morehouse's sentimental saga. They should convince you that if it's a Christmas present for a theatre-loving friend you're after, "Matinee Tomorrow" simply was made to order for the purpose. . .

"MATINEE TOMORROW" was but one of a slew of books about the theatre that appeared almost simultaneously —an example of disastrous scheduling that only the men who drew up Columbia's 1949 football card could hope to equal. First and foremost, of course, were John Chapman's "Best Plays of 1949" and George Jean Nathan's new Yearbook—invaluable annual guides. Next came Elmer Rice's novel, "The Show Must Go On" and Daniel Blum's "Theatre World." Finally, Jack Gaver, U. P.'s knowing drama editor, entered the ranks with "Curtain Calls," as clear a presentation of the inner workings and problems of the current theatrical scene as I've read in a long while. Gaver even dares meet Chapman and Nathan on their own home grounds —not the first time he's proven to insiders in the literary world that he has the courage and keen eye of a young lion. . . .

IT IS INTERESTING to compare the plight of the Broadway producer, as set forth by Jack Gaver in "Curtain Calls," with that of the book publisher, outlined with masterful clarity by J. K. Lasser in the October 29 *SRL*, and recorded in greater detail by William Miller in his Columbia University Press publication, "The Book Industry." Everyone who is interested in the future of publishing is urged to study the statistics in Miller's volume—and that goes double for the authors and agents who stubbornly cling to the notion that publishers are growing rich at their expense. . . .

FOR A REALLY hilarious take-off on the more ridiculous didoes in this odd business of publishing books, keep your eyes peeled for a forthcoming Harper novel called "Home Town," by Cleveland ("Clip") Amory, who wrote "The Proper Bostonians." Amory's devastating lampoon of a world-weary publicist, who is convinced that "there are currently twenty million more people in this country who want to write a book than there are people in all," will make a lot of actual characters in the trade go hide in the woodwork. Furthermore, the sagacious Mr. Amory, mindful of the lavish praise the impartial and self-effacing Walter Winchell is wont to bestow on a book when told his name is spelled out in full therein, woos dizzy immortality by mentioning the great pundit not once but twice. —BENNETT CERF.

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Mr. Lasser, Mr. Miller and the Publisher

(or straight from the guinea pig's mouth)

The Saturday Review of October 29th carried two articles calculated to give the publisher at the least a severe case of undulant fever. There is much to be learned from Mr. Lasser's excellent piece, but the chief sensation that came out of it for the earnest publisher was the feeling that he had already toppled from the brink he thought he had just been looking over. On the other hand, Mr. Sussman, in reviewing THE BOOK INDUSTRY by William Miller, suggests that Mr. Miller views without alarm, and that the publishers, many of them whose accounts are checked by Mr. Lasser, must be wrong. People have always worried about the publishers, yet they are still with us, it seems to be the point of view. And, besides, sex always sells. Meanwhile, the innocent subject of this controversy, getting along as best he can on this alternating diet of blood and water, wonders if one of the reasons that the publisher is still with us may not be because so many people have worried. And so he turns back to Mr. Lasser to find that perhaps the situation is worse in one respect than even Mr. Lasser suggests. For Mr. Lasser says: "No publisher, who intends to remain in business, can afford in these times to publish a book purely for prestige. It is an unhappy fact that many books by new authors . . . can no longer be published by trade publishers." We do not wish to question the truth of this statement, but it does suggest that the publisher frequently knows in advance which books will bring him prestige and which will bring him sales. So far as the experience of at least one publisher goes, this is not always the case. The secret of the publisher's survival, which, for the benefit of the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW we will now disclose, is that the publisher lives on surprise. Certainly that surprise is always food for his spirit, and it is frequently food for his payroll. And, in fact, it is those books by new authors who may become established authors which are his margin of existence. The dilemma of the moment, then, is that as Mr. Lasser points out, he can not afford to publish them, and, as Mr. Lasser no doubt realizes but did not point out, he can't afford not to. Thus he becomes hopelessly addicted to experimentation, and the deeper his disappointments at the hands of public caprice, the more deeply ingrained his defensive optimism becomes.

The lists of Houghton Mifflin Company of the last two years, despite and because of the pressure of the time, carry a higher proportion of new authors and new points of view than they have in many years. In many of these titles our confidence is equally great, yet the results have varied from bonanza to disaster. For example, early in 1946 a young writer brought into our office a very large suitcase completely filled with his manuscript. It was read here with the greatest interest and with the greatest doubt of its financial success. It would take easily 20,000 copies to pay for composition alone. That book was RAINTREE COUNTY. Between the Book-of-the-Month Club and Houghton Mifflin Company, nearly half a million copies were distributed.

Among the remaining forty-nine books by new authors of the 48-49 seasons, some did well, some barely reached a black figure while several remained purest red in the bookkeeping ledger, but nearly all obtained rather extraordinary critical praise such as HARP IN THE SOUTH, REVOLT IN SAN MARCOS and SEA CHANGE. THE STORM AND THE SILENCE and THE ONLY GIFT, just launched on their careers, already are provoking applause from the reviewers.

To come full circle, the spring of '49 brought a new big manuscript — a new first novel — mailed in from the west coast. Publication has been set for mid-November, but already THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM by Ardyth Kennelly has won a Literary Guild selection, an Editor's Choice and a thumping big advance in the bookstores.

This is the fever chart of the publishing business with sulfa drug occasionally supplied as by the S.R.L. in this issue dedicated to the books that somehow missed full recognition from their natural markets.

We have tried to trap your interest with a garnishing of hard economic fact in a number of titles which it is hoped some of the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will look up and read, thus, perhaps, changing certain blush red figures to a more seemly grey, — a motive sordid and commercial. Nonetheless, these words spring from the heart, as is frequently the case with advertisements in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

(Advertisement)

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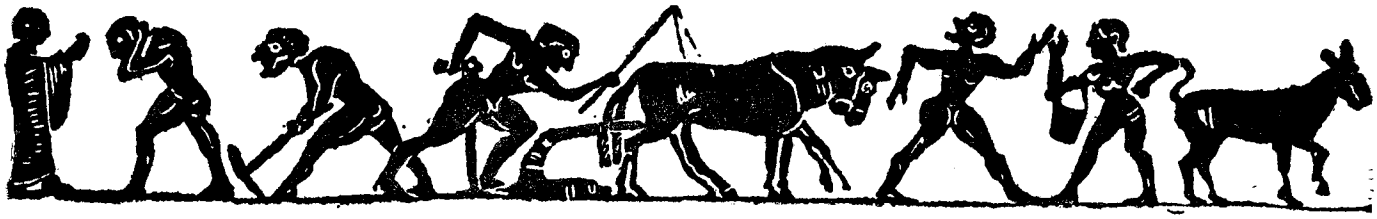

—From "Studies in Ancient Greek Society."

Man and the Social Appetite

M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

MORE than half a century ago, in 1894, the distinguished experimental embryologist Wilhelm Roux shook apart the cells of a frog's egg during an early stage of its development, placed the separated cells some distance apart in water, and watched to see what would happen. The separated cells slowly approached each other until they established contact.

When an experimenter removes individual amoebae some distance from a group of their fellows, the separated amoebae immediately begin to make their way back to the group.

These are but two of innumerable examples which could be cited to illustrate the existence of a social appetite throughout the kingdom of living forms. Whether we are dealing with fungi, bacteria, or higher plants and animals, the drive to form social aggregates is the same everywhere. Indeed, so far as man is concerned, the sense of mutuality and the trait of cooperativeness represent far stronger sides of his total makeup than combativeness and competitiveness. This is important to keep in mind at a time when all the surface evidence seems to be to the contrary. The word of the moment may be "fission"—whether with respect to physics or human affairs—but "fusion" comes much closer to reflecting man's natural behavior patterns.

The source of this social appetite may be traced to the way in which a living organism originates. All cells originate from other cells; it is impossible for them to originate in any other way. Whether reproduction or budding-off, or cleavage—that is to say asexually—or whether it is secured sexually by the conjugation of cells, the process is always an interacting one between parent and developing new organism. The parent supplies the vital tissues to the new organism, and in the process of reproduction there are metabolic and other physiologic exchanges between them before parent and offspring become independent of each other. This type of relationship, in varying degrees, is characteristic of all plant and animal life.

The evidence indicates that the fundamentally social nature of all living things has its origin in this physiological relationship between parent and offspring; in the fact that the two are for a time bound together in an interactive association; in the fact that the life of either one or the other is at some time dependent upon the potential or actual being of the other. For example, when the amoeba has reached a certain size it can avoid death only by dividing, and this it does. The new organism is, at least during the period of division, entirely dependent upon the proper functioning of its parent. In this dependency we may perceive the origins of infant dependency in the higher animals and the very obvious social, and, particularly in man, cultural, consequences of that dependent relationship. In short, the universal fact of reproduction and all that that implies is the foundation of the social relationship which characterizes all living organisms.

This is as true of multicellular organisms as it is of those which have only single cells. Cells which were originally separate develop the habit of remaining attached after division to form a multicellular organism, as spores often do in the encysted envelope of the parent amoeba. As a result of their increasing ability to cooperate, such interactive cells develop specialized functions as well as increasingly complex relations. For this reason, a multicellular organism must be regarded as the expression of increasing intercellular cooperation, in which the interdependent cooperating activities of its cellular masses function together, so that at all times the organism is able to function as a whole. Whatever the nature of the factors involved in the cooperation of cells in many-celled organisms, such cooperation exhibits the elements of a social act. And such acts represent the expression of a drive which had its origin in the relationship of parent cell and daughter cell.

THE tendency of living things to form societies is coeval with life itself. No living organism is either solitary in its origin or solitary in its existence. Every organism from the lowest to the highest is normally engaged in some sort of social life. The solitary animal is in any species an abnormal creature. The fact that such diverse groups as insects and mammals have developed highly cooperative forms of social life indicates beyond any reasonable doubt the existence in organic life of deep-seated potentialities toward cooperation and society.

The unconscious kind of cooperation which universally exists among lower

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animals is even more developed among the more advanced forms. It is important to understand in its full implications the fact that this principle of cooperation appears to have governed the relations of organisms from the first. The notion that animals are in a constant state of warfare with one another, that "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest" are the two cardinal principles of "natural selection," is grossly one-sided and misleading. Although activities which may collectively be described as "the struggle for existence" do characterize the behavior of most animals, such activities are only part of their behavior. Indeed, cooperation and competition complement rather than oppose one another.

In what might be called "the tough Darwinian period" of the last century the concept of natural selection in its crudest form completely dominated the thought of biologists and sociologists, with the consequence that although some biologists, and certainly Darwin himself, recognized the existence of cooperative behavior on a large scale, it was almost completely neglected in favor of natural selection. Darwin's own development of the role played by cooperation in evolution, as set forth in "The Descent of Man" (1871) was thoroughly slighted.

The extreme viewpoint of the natural selectionists was stated by Thomas H. Huxley in his "struggle-for-life" manifesto, "The Struggle for Existence and Its Bearing Upon Man," published in the *Nineteenth Century* for February 1888. This evoked a reply from Prince Petr Kropotkin in the form of eight articles published between 1890 and 1896 in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. These articles were published in book form in 1902 as "Mutual Aid a Factor in Evolution," a work which drew attention to the already considerable literature on the subject, and which emphasized an important and much underrated factor in evolution.

—*From "And on the Eighth Day," by Abner Dean.*

"The Lesson in Flying Hasn't Arrived Yet."

In the half century since then much work has been done in this field, so that today the principle of cooperation is in a fair way to becoming established as the most important factor in the survival of animal groups. Summing up the modern point of view, one of the most distinguished workers in this field, Warder C. Allee, writing in *Science* in 1943, says:

> After much consideration, it is my mature conclusion, contrary to Herbert Spencer, that the cooperative forces are biologically the more important and vital. The balance between the cooperative, altruistic tendencies and those which are disoperative and egoistic is relatively close. Under many conditions, the cooperative forces lose. In the long run, however, the group-centered, more altruistic drives are slightly stronger.
>
> If cooperation had not been the stronger force, the more complicated animals, whether arthropods or vertebrates, could not have evolved from simpler ones, and there would have been no men to worry each other with their distressing and biologically foolish wars. While I know of no laboratory experiments that make a direct test of this problem, I have come to this conclusion by studying the implications of many experiments which bear on both sides of the problem and from considering the trends of organic evolution in nature. Despite many known appearances to the contrary, human altruistic drives are as firmly based on an animal ancestry as is man himself. Our tendencies towards goodness, such as they are, are as innate as our tendencies toward intelligence; we could do well with more of both.

The habit of thinking in terms of the struggle for existence, by means of which, it is believed, the fittest are alone selected for survival while the weakest are ruthlessly condemned to extinction, is not only an incorrect view of the facts, but is a mode of thought which has done a considerable amount of harm. As Allee remarks:

> Today, as in Darwin's time, the average biologist apparently still thinks of a natural selection which acts primarily on egoistic principles, and intelligent fellow thinkers in other disciplines, together with the much-cited man-in-the-street, can not be blamed for taking the same point of view.

Certainly in every society there is ruthless aggressiveness, but there is also healthy non-ruthless competition. Moreover, there exist very strong drives toward cooperative behavior. These forces operate not independently but together, and the evidence strongly indicates that of them all the drive for cooperation is

(*Continued on page* 56)

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The Pearls of Publishing

Deserving Books of 1949

THE other Monday morning, on a suburban train headed for New York, we ran into an old acquaintance who looked very harassed, even for a book publisher.

"What a week end I've just had!" he groaned, with a distraught glance toward his bulging briefcase. "First I reread the famous Cheney report on book publishing. Although it came out eighteen years ago, it says a lot of things that are still pertinent. After that I turned to William Miller's new monograph on "The Book Industry" and J. K. Lasser's recent *SRL* piece on "The Book Business—With or Without Profit." And then I studied the report my accountants have just submitted on my own firm's condition." He leaned back and exhaled an eloquent "whew!"

"During the past two days," he resumed, "a good many ideas about what ails the book business have been running through my head, but the one lament that pushed aside all the others was this: although American publishers regularly issue a large number of worth-while books, the public's attention and dollars are going to a relatively few titles. Perhaps the reason for this is the high-powered promotion we publishers put behind our 'big book' each season. Perhaps it's because too much emphasis is being placed on best-seller lists and the selections of book clubs. Perhaps it's because the American public has a predilection for the 'biggest' or the 'best' or the flashiest in any field. Maybe it's because the book business too closely resembles a fresh vegetable market, with today's arrivals always crowding out yesterday's goods. Personally, I don't think all the blame can be placed on any single factor.

"Almost every year," the publisher continued, "my editors and I discover several books which strike us as being unusually fine. We risk on them the considerable amount of money it now takes to transform a manuscript into a printed volume and give it the usual build-up. Often these books are well spoken of by critics and booksellers. Yet for some reason they never get the public response we sincerely believe they merit. And I think that most other publishers frequently have the same experience."

We told him that by a happy coincidence the *SRL* already had plans for a feature that might help, in a small way, toward correcting that situation. In the hope of increasing and prolonging the public's interest in deserving books, *SRL* was going to ask publishers to think back over the books issued during the past year and select two titles—one issued by their own house, one by another firm—which, in their opinion, failed to get the response they deserved. The books need not have been "flops." They might have had excellent reviews and good sales, but still have failed to achieve the full impact they should have.

BEGINNING this week and continuing in the next several issues, *SRL* will publish the ballots it has received from book publishers and editors. In a few instances the nominators frankly confessed that they had been so busy with their own firm's list during the past year that they did not feel qualified to pass judgment on books issued by other houses. The editors of one house, unable to agree on a single title, nominated three.

As we hoped, the poll is uncovering the names of a great many worth-while books which have not received adequate recognition. On the first twenty-five ballots received, forty-four titles were suggested. Only three books were nominated more than once. "The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz, a Scribner publication, was mentioned four times. Two Harcourt, Brace books were proposed two times each: "Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster, and "Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens. It will be interesting to see, as the poll continues, how many books which struck their own sponsors as being unappreciated pearls similarly impressed other publishers and editors.

The first nominations are as follows:

Published by us: In spite of some excellent reviews and a strong recommendation from Christopher Morley, "The Last Enchantments," by Robert Liddell, a sensitive and moving English novel, doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. Perhaps it's because Mr. Liddell's leading character is presented at first as a figure of fun—and then in the end as a tragic case. Or have we conceived an unreasonable prejudice against English fiction in recent years?

Published by Doubleday & Co.: "Mr. Preen's Salon," by Robert Tallant, a witty and delightful picture of New Orleans life, is a good antidote to the innumerable lush and overheated books on that city which have been published in recent years. Certainly it deserves better sales and more attention than it has had.

THEODORE N. PURDY,
APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS, INC.

Published by us: Blake is not only of importance in the world of literature and art. The things he had to say about men and women, and their place and duty in this world, are of real moral significance to us today. In "English Blake" Bernard Blackstone brings this out in considering him as more than a literary figure, against the background of his time and ours.

RONALD MANSBRIDGE,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Published by us: A beautifully compact novel of the last days of the Civil War with a superb portrait of "Old Pine," a huge, patriotic Southern sutler who suggests Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Eight April Days," by Scott Hart, has its faults and is perhaps too short for popu-

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larity, but it has moving and amusing characterization and the tragedy of the defeated, exhausted army is wonderfully done.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf: "Two Worlds and Their Ways," and its author, Ivy Compton-Burnett, of course, are relatively well known but, in my opinion, this novel never reached the audience it deserved. The writer's use of the English language is a miracle and she achieves melodrama within a country house and a boys' and girls' school which puts Messrs. Hammett, Chandler, etc., to shame. Brilliant and exciting writing.

THOMAS R. COWARD,
COWARD-MCCANN, INC.

Published by us: Capetanakis, a young Greek poet who died in England in 1944, wrote in his short creative life some of the most illuminating literary essays, and some of the finest poetry of our time. All that he wrote in English is in "The Shores of Darkness," along with essays on him and his art by Edith Sitwell, John Lehmann, a fellow Greek poet, Canellopoulos, and William Plomer. Although published early in July, it has been reviewed only by the *SRL*, *The New York Times*, and *The Hartford Courant*. (All three enthusiastic.)

Published by Farrar, Straus & Co.: Perhaps there hasn't been time enough for "The World Next Door," by Fritz Peters, to catch on—although this fine novel was published in September and should be better known than it is. The critics all seem to have praised it highly for its remarkable insight into mental illness and the heroic struggle a patient puts up against all-too-human—and too-systematic—odds against him. I hope it will win the attention it deserves.

COLEY TAYLOR,
THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO.

Published by us: A most delightful re-creation of Jane Austen and her times, "Parson Austen's Daughter," by Helen Ashton, is a quiet book that seems a little lost and bewildered in our raucous ways of publishing. I suspect "Pride and Prejudice" might feel lost too if it were brought out today.

Published by Princeton University Press: "Strategic Intelligence for American World Policy," by Sherman Kent, is an excellent book on a critical subject that is a lot more important to us all than we give any evidence of realizing.

EDWARD H. DODD, JR.,
DODD, MEAD & CO.

Published by us: "My Indian Son-in-Law," by Hilda Wernher, is a book which has been enthusiastically endorsed by our own State Department and by the top Indian officials in this country from Madame Pandit on down. It's a popular, highly readable book but, as the real experts on India point out, it does more than almost any other book to explain India to Americans. On the other hand, the reviewers have given it very little space and one or two of them have turned in obviously biased reports. Moreover, the public apathy seems to be enormous. Here is a case where we know we have a top book in its field, we have done everything we can for it in the way of promotion, but there seems to be virtually no way of making the book sell.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons: "The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz, seemed to me one of the best books of the year. Although it was reasonably well received by the press and had a fair sale, I think it should have done much better. Miss Muntz's success with the chronicle form, to my way of thinking, is going to have a decided effect on the whole historical-novel category. Still I noticed on a trip through the South this spring that the book had failed to make any real impression on the trade or the public. I'm sure this wasn't the fault of the publishers but just another case of the apathy which surrounds the publication of a great many good books.

LEBARON R. BARKER,
DOUBLEDAY & CO.

Published by us: "The Task of Nations," by Herbert Vere Evatt. Let us quote *The Christian Herald*: "The author has been given the most distinguished title of the century—'the world's conscience.' Australia is his home land and out of Australia he has come to achieve the stature of world citizenship. This is a forthright, dynamic, honest, timely book, not only about the United Nations but equally concerned with world affairs. It is both factual and a forecast. It is filled with hope but it faces the difficult truth."

Published by Harper & Bros.: Robert Benchley is the Old Master, the one and only. A new collection of his stuff seems an essential part of any sane reading diet. To pass up "Chips

Off the Old Benchley," with its eighty pieces not before assembled in a book, is to miss a lighthouse on a dark and stormy night. I can't understand why a new Benchley book doesn't outsell every other title.

CHARLES A. PEARCE,
DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE, INC.

Published by us: "My Place to Stand," by Bentz Plageman, is one of the finest accounts of the overcoming of physical handicap ever written. It has tenderness, honesty, and spiritual overtones, and a personal narrative. It has taste. It has made friends and will make more, but it is difficult to understand why they have not been quicker to discover one of the books of the year that has wisdom and hope in it.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.: For short stories, the enchanting yarns in "The Lion Tamer," by Brian McMahon, did reach an unusual public, but their humor, their warmth, their touches of superb craftsmanship should, it seems to me, have carried them to a far greater audience. As with "My Place to Stand," I feel that they will be increasingly read through the years.

JOHN FARRAR,
FARRAR, STRAUS & CO.

Published by us: In these days of world events of enormous proportions which will affect our civilization for years to come, Stringfellow Barr's "Pilgrimage of Western Man" gives a background of history that thousands of readers have missed in spite of excellent reviews.

Published by William Sloane Assoc.: Because of its beauty and simplicity, "The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch, brings to country dwellers a wider appreciation and knowledge of what goes on around them and to city dwellers an opportunity to comprehend and appreciate the beauties of nature.

S. SPENCER SCOTT,
HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.

Published by us: "This Was America," by Oscar Handlin, is an outstanding work in American social history. Through the eyes of Euro-

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The World.

Who are the men who shape our world? Since the dawn of history the answer always has been the politician—and, occasionally, the soldier and the priest. This still highly tenable point of view pervades most of the important books we review this week, including Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.'s report on "Roosevelt and the Russians," Drew Middleton's "Struggle for Germany," and Howard K. Smith's "State of Europe," discussions of the dilemma of the Continent today; and Herbert Evatt's "The Task of Nations," an outline of the U. N.'s prospects. Yet in our generation another calling has begun to help shape our destiny. In "Modern Arms and Free Men," Vannevar Bush lucidly presents a scientist's views on peace and war.

Our Technological Future

MODERN ARMS AND FREE MEN. By Vannevar Bush. New York: Simon & Schuster. 273 pp. $3.50.

By Louis N. Ridenour

VANNEVAR BUSH, more than any other man who ever lived, has been concerned with the management of large-scale research. In recent years he has supervised the application of science to warfare, which is one of the most prominent novelties of our time. His experience in scientific management includes positions of the first rank in a university (as vice president and dean of engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology), in an endowed research foundation (as president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington), in part-time Government service (as a member and as chairman of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics), and in full-time Government service (as head of the National Defense Research Committee and its successor agency, the Office of Scientific Research and Development). This impressive career culminated with Dr. Bush's appointment as the first chairman of the Research and Development Board, the agency of the Department of Defense which is charged with the supervision of all military research and development, and the integration of that work into the planning of the armed services.

"Modern Arms and Free Men" is an examination of how modern science and the democratic process, both agencies of profound and rapid change, are affecting the nature of war. On this point Bush advances two conclusions to whose support the argument of the book is devoted:

> I believe, first, that the technological future is far less dreadful and frightening than many of us have been led to believe, and that the hopeful aspects of modern applied science outweigh by a heavy margin its threat to our civilization. I believe, second, that the democratic process is itself an asset with which, if we can find the enthusiasm and the skill to use it and the faith to make it strong, we can build a world in which all men can live in prosperity and peace.

To document these conclusions, Bush first examines the nature of the two world wars and of the period between them, not in political or strategic terms, but rather in terms of the role that applied science played in fighting the wars and in affecting military thinking during the inter-war period. Such considerations are then extended to and beyond the present time, to answer the question: what is the probable nature of future war?

Some of the military judgments and estimates which Bush advances are at considerable variance with current popular concepts of future war. He dismisses at once, of course, the idea that any future war would instantly and inevitably mean the destruction of civilization. But (and this is more unusual) he is distinctly of the belief that the ascendancy of the offensive in warfare, so prominent in World War II, is now at or near its end. He expects that the defense may regain the lead it had in the First World War.

Not everyone will agree with parts of the detailed argument, but Bush's experience has been so great that any disagreement must rest on the most careful examination of facts and trends. One of the most interesting predictions is that air defense will progress more rapidly and effectively

THE AUTHOR: When prominent isolationists here began bleating about the invincibility of Nazi Germany and were all for throwing in the British sponge, Vannevar Bush, then chairman of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, hurriedly smoothed out a blueprint for mobilizing American scientists he and a few fellow educators had been mulling over, and rushed to the White House. Immediately accepted, the plan evolved into the Office of Scientific Research and Development, and Dr. Bush, as administrator, with a yearly purse of some $135,000,000, became the most empowered scientist in the world—the first civilian technician ever admitted to the highest war councils. To OSRD he summoned in all 30,000 physicists, chemists, engineers, and doctors. From OSRD came radar and submarine fighting devices, amphibian trucks, armored cars, rockets, penicillin and cortisone, non-extinguishable fire bombs, insect bombs, and atomic bombs. Since 1939 Dr. Bush has also been president of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, directing inquiries on everything from the wanderings of the magnetic north pole to bacterial mutations. Priorly he was dean of engineering and vice president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he developed the differential analyzer, a mechanical brain considered invaluable in laboratory technology. To Bush, son of a Universalist preacher and grandson of a Cape Cod whaler, a Yankee respect for "human enterprise" comes as naturally as an affinity for gadgetry, fishing boats, and farms. And prospects of a Socialized USA worry him more than another war. "The dangers of rushing headlong into a full welfare state are very practical and very immediate," he warns. "Yet there is a more subtle danger than this. . . . A passion for personal security is an opiate which tends to destroy the virile characteristics which have made us great." —R. G.

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than will strategic air offense. This conclusion is based on a belief in the proximate development of anti-aircraft guided missiles having murderous effectiveness against piloted subsonic bombers. Bush relegates to the more distant future the offensive missile of inter-continental range, adequate accuracy, and supersonic velocity, against which defense is difficult or impossible.

Bush points out that the problem of coping with the tremendously improved modern submarine is the most pressing immediate naval responsibility, and suggests flatly that the Navy get on with it, rather than engage in its current jealous bickerings over responsibility for other roles.

Having analyzed warfare from the technical standpoint, Bush turns to a comparison of the totalitarian Communist dictatorship with the free democracy of this country. He points out clearly and well the tremendous strength of democracy as opposed to totalitarianism: absurd ideas and incompetent men can be wholly immune to criticism or change in a dictatorship; they are never so immune in a democracy.

In his discussion of the elements of national strength, Bush puts heavy emphasis on education. His main thesis is the oft-neglected one that we have achieved equality of educational exposure at the expense of equality of educational opportunity. It ought to be possible for a youth of superior talents, whatever his family's wealth or social position, to have access to a superior education. Unfortunately, this simple, obvious, and democratic notion is actually opposed by many of those professionally concerned with education. Bush advances and defends it compellingly.

Another element vital to the national strength is adequate military planning. If we overdo our military preparations we may damage our economy; if we underdo them we may invite attack. Worst of all, if we cling blindly to outmoded notions in a changing world, we may pay heavily for our blindness. Bush does not underestimate the difficulties of proper planning, but he is confident that they can be overcome.

All in all, this is a remarkable book. Its abiding faith in democracy and progress is inspiring to those who contemplate the uneasy future. Its technical and military estimates and assessments are bold, clear, and provocative. Probably no one concerned with the nation's strength and welfare will agree uniformly with Bush's assertions as made in this book, but no one so concerned can afford to ignore them.

Garden of Solidarity

THE AMERICAS: The Search for Hemisphere Security. By Laurence Duggan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 242 pp. $3.

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

THESE days something of a bear market prevails in inter-American relations. The republics from the Rio Grande to Patagonia, whose good will, prosperity, and understanding the United States cultivated during World War II, both expensively and romantically, have been treated since V-J Day not unlike an ambitiously planned subdivision after the city begins to grow in another direction.

This doesn't mean that the garden of Western Hemisphere solidarity—as the Latin Americans are fond of calling it—has been allowed to go back to the jungle. Both in a public- and a private-investment way much greater funds have gone into keeping its fences and communications in repair than ever happened in peace times before the 1940's. So have greater efforts at economic organization and political conciliation by United States diplomatists.

But chiefly these have been maintenance rather than new promotion or construction operations. Latin America has lost the grip on the national imagination which it had in the years when there was always the chance that the Nazis would jump from Dakar to the bulge of Brazil, and begin bombing the Panama Canal from convenient land bases. The Latin American countries, having declined into a remote secondary front in the great twentieth-century war between Kremlin Marxism and its opponents, have lost many of the emotional ties with the United States which proceeded from their hopes of the Good-Neighbor policy's generosities.

The late Laurence Duggan's book, which he had virtually completed at the time of his death last December, wastes little time deploring this situation. Instead, it offers a sense-making blueprint for the United States in its inter-American relations regardless of the intensity with which they are conducted. From the man who in his short but brilliant career in the State Department rose to be both chief of the Division of American Republics and political adviser to the Secretary of State on Inter-American Affairs, it is a lastingly useful testament.

A part of the blueprint has to do with profiting by the mistakes which Washington's policy-makers made when the Good-Neighbor policy was operating at its more or less frantic wartime tensions. The United States, for instance, should in Mr. Duggan's view have accepted the services of more American military contingents, token or otherwise, on the European fighting fronts. It should have found a way to give the Latin Americans a voice in the planning operations for the United Nations which took place in the 1944 Dumbarton Oaks Conference. It should not have tried to deal with unfriendly dictatorial regimes in Argentina and Bolivia through futile non-recognition rebuffs and political operations strongly suggesting interventions in the Hemisphere neighbors' domestic politics. It should not have tried to keep the American grocery store's coffee prices down by "sweating it out of" Latin America's coffee plantation labor from Mexico to Brazil.

In the postwar world it should not discourage Chilean copper imports when the United States already is down to a twenty years' ore supply. It should not "try to fortify the inter-American system by capitalizing on the fear of Soviet influence which possesses the Latin American oligarchies." Such a course merely builds up Latin America's more authoritarian dictators, while further poisoning relations with the Soviet Union, besides.

In more general terms, Mr. Duggan offers these prescriptions: The United States in Latin America should encourage the breaking up of huge feudal estates still cultivated by peon labor and help further "industrial development which will undermine the framework" of semi-feudal agrarian society. It should support the organization of trade unions with the right of collective bargaining. Its policy-makers should realize that present

> threats to political democracy in Latin America are only surface manifestations of the underlying conflict between the old social order and the new middle-class and workers' movements which spring from an economy in transition. . . . It is well and good that we should attempt to cure political diseases —if we are sure that we have the right medicine—but it will be much better to create such healthy conditions that our neighbors will not catch them.

Duncan Aikman, a Washington newspaperman, is author of "The Turning Stream," and other books.

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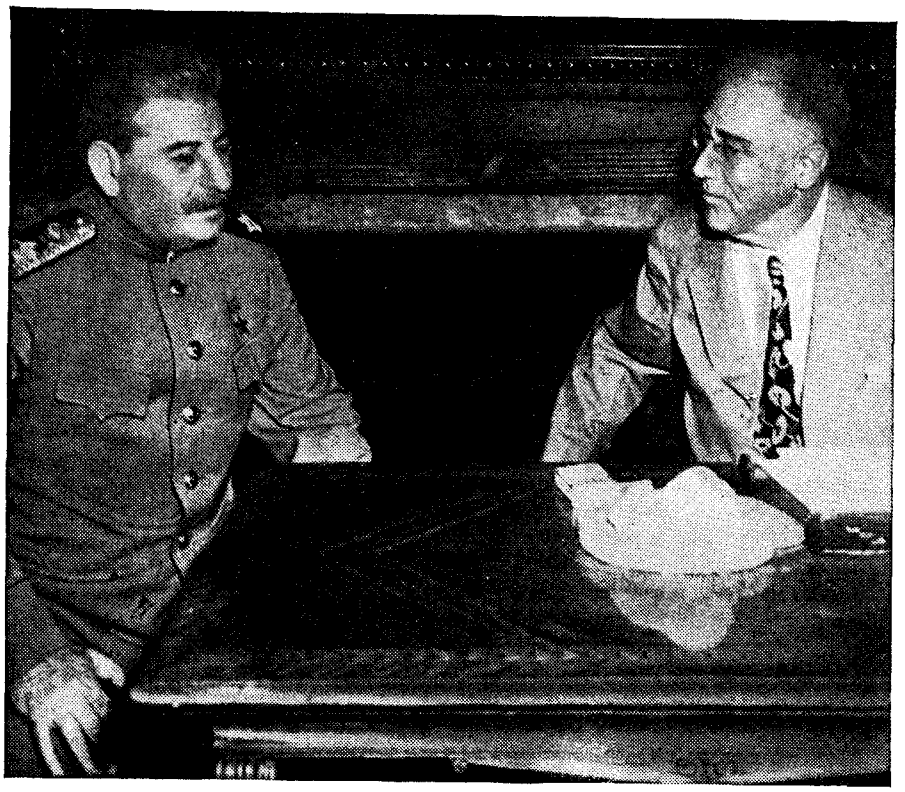

—*International News Service.*

Stalin and Roosevelt at Yalta—". . . a great, if lost, hour."

FDR's "Messenger" Reports on Yalta

ROOSEVELT AND THE RUSSIANS. By Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. Edited by Walter Johnson. New York: Doubleday & Co. 367 pp. $4.

By Jonathan Daniels

WHEN the late Edward R. Stettinius became secretary of State as successor to aging and tired Cordell Hull in November 1944 it was taken as the final evidence that Franklin Roosevelt clearly meant to be his own chief of foreign affairs. In important regards that was true. Even before Hull left, indeed, FDR had established with Churchill and, to a less degree, with Stalin a high-level international relationship which sometimes by-passed the State Department and often irritated its functionaries, including the tough Tennessee Secretary of State. The appointment of Stettinius recognized and formalized in the United States a situation in which the affairs of the wartime world had become aspects of the command of the chiefs of the three greatest combatant nations.

This book, published shortly after its author's death, is a messenger's report. It is written by a man who recognized from the beginning not only that under the Constitution the President is always the chief of our foreign affairs. He also understood that FDR liked to operate directly by phone or letter or across a table and that often when he needed the intervention of an envoy he maintained his own personal foreign service in an energetic dying man named Harry Hopkins. The man Roosevelt made his messenger as head of the State Department understood all that. Far from being disturbed by it, he labored as messenger to improve the messenger service. That should be the function of every Secretary of State. But Edward Stettinius not only made himself the efficient messenger of a decisive chief of American foreign affairs. In this book he becomes one of the great messengers from one of the great times and places in the hope of man to a people whose bewilderment in the disintegration of hope has sometimes seemed to them like the evidence of betrayal.

The basic message he brings us is that Yalta was a triumphant hour for the forces of world peace and freedom. While that conference must be evaluated, he thinks, in the light of the fact that we still needed—or thought we needed—Russian help in the Japanese war, he believes that the greatest concessions were made not by the democracies but by the Soviets. His explanation of the breakdown since is that "Marshal Stalin had difficulties with the Politburo, when he returned to Moscow, for having been too friendly and for having made too many concessions to the two capitalistic nations, which could, in dogmatic Marxist eyes, never be really trusted by Communist Russia." Certainly he makes it clear that Russian hedging on the Yalta agreements was evident within two weeks after this conference.

Undoubtedly Stettinius writes as a loyal messenger but as a carefully factual one as well. Certainly not only his declaration but the detail of his book refutes the suggestion that Roosevelt was a man too sick to cope with the Communists at this conference. He denies, however, the other critical thesis that Truman is responsible for the failure of the hope which Roosevelt fashioned. He concedes the possibility "that Roosevelt's death strengthened the hand of an anti-American group in the Politburo." But he documents clearly the quick steps in escape of the Soviets from the agreements which Stalin had made—beginning before Roosevelt's death in April and already clear before the meeting at Potsdam in July.

The great value of this book to students and historians will be the careful detail with which Stettinius has presented all the questions, discussions, and decisions made in these historic eight days two months before the German surrender. His book's good faith is attested by its modesty. Stettinius records some occasions in which Roosevelt left him out of discussions on one ground or another. He indicates steadily that while he and the State Department staff provided preparation and suggestions the American decisions were Roosevelt's decisions.

Some general readers may be disappointed not to find more personal details, more anecdotes, more lively sidelights in this book. It is not a book designed for serialization, but for history. Yet from it in the carefully quoted statements of Marshal Stalin, of Winston Churchill, and of Roosevelt, I got a clearer sense of the personalities of these great men in perhaps their greatest time than from any similar book which I have read. It seems to me a solid, sound, honest book about a great, if lost, hour in man's old hope to make some sense as he makes history. Stettinius was a messenger who neither magnified nor minimized his task or his part. Both history and his country are in his debt.

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Viva Trujillo

THE LAND COLUMBUS LOVED. By Bertita Harding. New York: Coward-McCann. 256 pp. $3.75.

By WENZELL BROWN

DURING the last year a plethora of books, articles, and magazine advertisements have appeared, the intent of which is to whitewash the ruthless little dictator of the Dominican Republic. "The Land Columbus Loved" is the latest to glorify the man who rose from convicted horse thief and forger to undisputed ruler of a rich island domain. Since 1930 Rafael Trujillo has held his island empire in a grip of iron, murdering any Dominican who has dared question his power, slaughtering thousands of Haitians along the frontier, meddling in the politics of every democratic country in the region, and sheltering Fascist leaders from all over Latin America.

Ironically enough, Trujillo has recently shouted wildly for help, making charges against Cuba, Costa Rica, and other countries who have voiced disapproval of dictators. His charge is that they have harbored the Caribbean Legion made up largely of exiles from the Dominican Republic. Tragically, Trujillo's estimate of the Legion has gained some acceptance.

In "The Land Columbus Loved," Mrs. Harding has paid tribute to the kindliness, the intelligence, and the hospitality of the Dominican people. In this, I am in full agreement; I have seldom met people more charming or more pleasant. They have struggled hard against the Fascist regime imposed upon them, and over 5 per cent of them have been slaughtered as a result. Mrs. Harding has turned deaf ears on the plea I heard so often, "Can't you help us free ourselves from this tyranny? We are helpless unless we can secure aid from outside. A whisper of suspicion against any one of us means torture and death." Instead she has forged another link in the chain which binds the people whom she professes to love.

Mrs. Harding's arguments for dictator Trujillo are as old as Fascism itself. He has built good roads, cleaned up the capital, and built a luxury hotel. The cost in human life and suffering she chooses to ignore. She does not mention that beggars were rounded up and killed, that the poor were forced out of Ciudad Trujillo, or that, until recently, it was compulsory to have a reservation at Trujillo's own hotel before a visa would be granted.

The argument that the Dominicans are not fit for democracy reveals her underlying contempt for them and it is an argument which, knowing the Dominicans well, I cannot share. She writes: "Democracy is an adult political concept, suited only to countries with a high level of general education and conditioned by custom and tradition to accept the responsibilities of self-government." I believe that the Dominican Republic is worthy of joining the ranks of Uruguay, Costa Rica, and other enlightened democracies.

The wholesale butchering of an estimated 12,000 Haitians by Trujillo's troops, Mrs. Harding dismisses with a casual explanation that the dictator was forced to do this because "the Haitians were stealing cattle and despoiling women." Her most labored point that Trujillo is anti-Communist ignores his financial aid of the Communists in neighboring countries in their attacks against democratic leaders and the fact that Communist-led strikers in Puerto Rico were armed with American lend-lease guns issued to Trujillo.

America has refused to antagonize the Latin American dictators but, in so doing, we have lost not only our own integrity, but the faith and confidence of all democratic Latin American nations. Trujillo has obtained much favorable publicity of late. May I suggest that in fairness to those who have fought dictatorship, some publisher should give an account of the courageous, unceasing struggle and the self-sacrifice of the many democratic exiles from dictator-controlled countries who have banded to form the falsely-reviled Caribbean Legion.

Wenzell Brown is author of "Dynamite on Our Doorstep: Puerto Rican Paradox" and other books about the Caribbean area.

Bertita Harding—"arguments as old as Fascism itself."

Grooming an Ally

THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY. By Drew Middleton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 304 pp. $3.

By JAMES M. MINIFIE

AFTER a painstaking analysis of the German situation, Drew Middleton concludes that the United States must take the lead in two major undertakings: effect the democratization of Germany in the next five to ten years and insure that the new democracy be received into the West and not drawn into the East.

Otherwise, Mr. Middleton sees only disaster. He does not think there could be any permanence to a Western Germany tacked on to the Euro-American comity, with the East a Soviet satellite. The bait of unity and territorial readjustments which the Russians could hold out would render inevitable German unity under economic and ideological tutelage of the Soviets—and in that case prepare for war, he says.

Not only must a unified Germany be confirmed in democracy, but it must also be integrated into the North Atlantic Pact system, Mr. Middleton concludes. He admits the enormous difficulties of this program, which would call for much thought, much money, and able men.

> But I submit [he says] that such an alliance is not complete, is not powerful unless it includes Germany, or as much of Germany as we have managed to hold for the West. Certainly there will be efforts to keep Germany out of such an alliance and these will be pushed with the utmost vigor by pressure groups in the United States and abroad. It will be said that this is against the national interests of France or Britain or Norway. But finally the United States is the leader of the West. With due regard for the contributions which other states have made in the past and may make in the future it is on the United States that the penalty for defeat in the cold war, which ultimately means armed conflict, will fall.

The cat must be belled. But stating the problem is not solving it. Mr. Middleton recognizes the difficulty. We are fighting two battles, one against the age-old authoritarian instincts of the German people, and another against the Russian drive to take advantage of those instincts and mold Germany into an authoritarian Communist state. The problem is one which has bedeviled us ever since we first went into Germany. Mr. Middleton's solution is not put precisely, but it appears to lie in encouragement of

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the Western German state by economic and financial aid, and maintenance of our own political integrity by declining to take on totalitarian allies.

I have the feeling very strongly that Mr. Middleton is more pessimistic about this prospect than he cares to say on the record.

He recognizes that underneath the thin shell assumed for our benefit, most working-class Germans want to be ruled by an efficient authoritarian government, that most Germans still regard National Socialism as a good principle badly applied; that Hitler and his gang are unpopular chiefly because they failed, and that a further record of failure by "democratic" German rulers would very probably lead to a resurgence in a decade of a Hitlerian legend of Wagnerian proportions.

In four years we have done very little to counter the age-old mental habits of the Germans, and probably even with a much more precise and genial effort the time would have been too short.

The only errors we have still to make are to embrace a neo-Fascist "strong" German government as a useful ally against the Soviets, restore the Ruhr to its old owners—and watch them reintegrate Eastern Germany and start out again as the sword and buckler of Communism.

Mr. Middleton has written a gloomy book, but at least at the end of it the reader knows exactly what has been happening and just where we stand. The facts have been recorded by a trustworthy reporter.

James M. Minifie, formerly a foreign correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune, *is now a member of the editorial staff of* The Reporter.

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Sieg Heil!"

For the Century of One World

THE STATE OF EUROPE. By Howard K. Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 408 pp. $3.75.

By Percy Knauth

FOR all the concern expressed by the United States in Europe's fate in the form of Marshall Plan aid, military missions in Greece and Turkey, Voice of America broadcasts, CARE packages, and occupation armies, Europe is again slowly slipping into chaos. Seldom since the war has this been made clearer than in Howard K. Smith's new book. It is a book which takes that hapless Continent, country by country, setting down the facts of existence, of economic and political life, structure, and development, and summarizing the analysis with a statement of prospects. The prospects which Mr. Smith shows are grim, but there is no reason to doubt the validity of his arguments. He has been a student and observer of Europe for the past decade, watching the outbreak of World War II (of which he wrote in "Last Train from Berlin"), the holocaust it visited on Europe, and its aftermath. His inevitable conclusions are that the steady process of decay which set in even before the First World War is now becoming so advanced that today Europe is in greater danger than ever.

> If there is a theme to this book [Mr. Smith says in his opening chapter] it is that Europe is not suffering from temporary postwar maladjustments; it is suffering from a permanent crisis whose solution will require that basic changes be made. Europe is in the middle of a new pulsation with the momentum of centuries behind it, and it is to a great extent independent of individual wills. By democratic consent if we are wise, by force if we are not, the pulsation will be completed.

The how and wherefore of this pulsation is the burden of Mr. Smith's work. His book is not entirely consistent in quality; there are some countries with which he seems obviously to have been less personally familiar, and chapters dealing with Scandinavia, Austria, Portugal, and Spain have an air of superficiality. But with the more important segments of the European power picture —Britain, France, Germany, Italy —Mr. Smith deals at length, and with clarity and forcefulness.

The collapse of Britain was, of course, the greatest shock to the teetering structure of postwar European

—*Somerville in* The Denver Post.

"A Two-Crutch Job."

—and world—order. As Mr. Smith sees it,

> world stability rested like a tripod on the assumption that there were three great power-blocs: America and the Western Hemisphere, Russia and her satellites, and between them, and most important of all, the historic seat and source of world power: the nations of Western Europe, among whom Britain by virtue of her imperial solidarity is preeminent. It was this last and most important assumption that failed. The epic of Europe had passed its climax; the essential third leg of the tripod collapsed; the mainstay of the scaffolding of growing stability fell down and left the peace in ruins.

Why it happened is dwelt on at some length. Mr. Smith does not put the blame on the Labor Government; he knows the causes lie deeper than that. For those who blame Labor's regime he has a few surprising figures: "When the full nationalization program is finished, only 20 per cent of British assets will have become public property—about the same proportion as in Switzerland, the most conservative democracy in Europe"; "British food prices have risen from 1945 to 1947 . . . only 2 per cent. . . . In the period of these data American food prices rose 30 per cent"; "British industrial production today stands at 18 per cent above 1938 . . . exports are at present 38 per cent above 1938." There are more, and they document a huge effort, for all of the unquestioned mistakes of the Labor regime. They do not, of course, solve the far more basic problem of how

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Britain is to readjust completely her position in the world.

The best chapters in Mr. Smith's book are those which deal with the cold war and the difficulties arising from it. A steadfast liberal, he writes here with an analytical clarity of vision unmarred by propaganda or hysteria. "Owing to her policy of 'aggressive defense' and the tendency of her diplomats to distort facts to fit suspicions, Russia has become, in an important sense, her own worst enemy," he says. "She herself has created many of the causes of her fears." But he gives the Russians their due in concrete achievements at home and in the satellite states ("The Soviets are definitely moving in the direction of history, albeit at a hectic, brutally forced pace and even though their version of the future is crudely distorted.") And he does not subscribe to the belief, held widely, that the cold war can be solved only by a hot war. He leaves room for hope that, "without abandoning current measures for containing Communism," the West can overcome Russia's "neurotic fear of assault" and change her "firm, dogmatic conviction" that only Communism can solve the conflict between man and his machine age.

There is a great deal more in this book than can be dealt with in these pages—a wealth of fact for the student of Europe, an abundance of sound comment for the political thinker. The conclusion is inevitable, the only course to be followed: Europe's problems cannot longer be solved on a national, but only on an international basis, through federation. Nor can they be solved by minds which think only in terms of the *status quo*—the preponderance of such minds, which ousted the youthful and vigorous leaders of resistance movements everywhere after the war, is one of the heaviest crosses Europe has had to bear, a fact Mr. Smith makes all too clear. He feels the solution can come only from the liberals:

> The American liberals of both parties—in alliance with the Socialists of Europe and their allies among the liberal-minded Europeans—have their job cut out for them: to apply every means of pressure to confound the backers both of the Communist Century and the American Century, to restore American foreign policy to its people and thereby force the same restoration at last in the East—to resume the creation, interrupted these four years, of the Century of One World.

Percy Knauth, a member of the editorial staff of Life, *is author of "Germany in Defeat."*

Mao and Marx

THE CHINESE CONQUER CHINA. By Anna Louise Strong. New York: Doubleday & Co. 275 pp. $3.

By Edgar Snow

PEOPLE who read this book inevitably will look for some indication of Anna Louise Strong's feelings about the Soviet Union, since her extraordinary experience last winter. For three decades she has been a warm and friendly publicist and a sympathetic observer of Russian Bolshevism. Perhaps no single American writer had piled up so many words of reportorial adulation of the Soviet system and been so widely read by its partisans. At a moment when she might reasonably have expected an award of the Red Banner of Labor for her lifetime of work in the cause of winning friends for the Kremlin, a dramatic acknowledgment of her importance was, indeed, finally made.

Last winter, on one of her many trips to Moscow, Anna Louise Strong answered a knock on her door, past midnight, and found herself under arrest. She was immediately transported to the Lubianka prison as a political criminal. On the same day Tass broadcast to the world that "the well-known notorious American spy, Anna Louise Strong" would shortly be deported. Meanwhile, Miss Strong was kept in ignorance of the charges against her. In jail she was brought before a police official who accused her of plotting against the Soviet Union. He merely read to her from the voluminous "evidence" on his desk, which she was not allowed to examine. She was never formally arraigned, indicted, or brought before a court. When the police official had established her guilt of crimes, the nature of which Miss Strong never discovered, she was told that owing to her age, etc., she would not be punished, but simply expelled from the country. Only after landing on her feet in the outside world did she learn that she had been denounced as a spy and as an agent of Wall Street and the monopolists.

In this book, however, the author dismisses the whole incident in a paragraph. She merely notes that she was somehow arrested and "sent back through Poland." She does not reprint the contents of her articles which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune*. She does not speculate again concerning the connection between her arrest, her writings on

Anna Louise Strong—"She might have expected the Red Banner of Labor."

the Chinese Communists, and her efforts to return to Manchuria by way of Siberia. Nevertheless, a reviewer is bound to take note of these background facts, because circumstances she has discussed elsewhere suggest that material in this volume may explain the treatment accorded to her in Moscow.

Much of "The Chinese Conquer China" appeared in the form of earlier pamphlets called "Tomorrow's China" and "Dawn Over China." They were of special interest because of several interviews with Mao Tse-tung, and with the Chinese Politburo's No. 2 man, Liu Hsiao-chi. Certain statements created a sensation in Communist circles, as they reflected views highly heretical from the standpoint of Moscow orthodoxy. Liu Hsiao-chi and Lo Ting-ye were quoted as saying that Mao Tse-tung had made "new discoveries" about Marxism; that Chinese Communists represented a "new development" in theory and practice; that Mao had for the first time given an "Asiatic form" to Marxism and evolved formulations unknown to Marx, Lenin, or even to Stalin.

Chinese Communists never officially endorsed Miss Strong's reports; but they have not repudiated them. In Eastern Europe "Dawn Over China" sold widely in every country. After the Tito break Prague denounced Belgrade for circulating the work of "the imperialist agent." *Borba* then retorted that Prague had dramatized Miss Strong's report over the Party radio, while both capitals had followed a revised script actually

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sent out by Russia's own Sovinformburo! Even in the latter adulterated version Moscow apparently had later decided the book was still full of dangerous thoughts. All copies of it were withdrawn from sale throughout the satellite countries.

The author has now enlarged and brought up to date her story of the revolution. Deletions have been made, but Liu Hsiao-chi is still quoted as saying that the "role of the peasants in revolution" is a Chinese "invention"; indeed, on "every kind of problem" Mao has made entirely new contributions.

The reader may think that these are esoteric matters. It is necessary to point out that every Communist Party in Asia is now engaged in fierce debate over whether Mao Tse-tung may properly be studied as a Marxist ideologist of the first rank, who has given a "new, Asiatic form" to the teachings of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. In India the central committee has split wide open over this question; the orthodox majority has publicly denounced Mao as a "deviationist" whose interpretations are "inadmissible" for any true Communist. This controversy is, of course, founded on Mao's own extensive writings, far more redolent of the Chinese earth than of any dogma. Mao himself has described dogma as "less useful than cow dung."

Doubleday has thus performed a valuable service in giving permanent form to a book likely to have some historic interest. Despite the foregoing remarks, the great bulk of these pages consists of first-hand reporting little concerned with theory. Based on the writer's experiences with the Chinese Communists, it is a colorfully written account of how the peasants were organized, won over, and armed to support and win the revolution.

(*Continued on page 39*)

Fiction. *This week's fiction fare suggests that, at least as far as the novel is concerned, the fall season of 1949 is about spent. Four of our five principal reviews treat works from the hands of writers who have already made their mark, yet none of them is apt to add luster to their author's reputation. In "Dear Life" H. E. Bates uses all the tricks of a skilled, creative artist to embroider a slender tale into a clever if not completely satisfying psychological thriller. In "The Eye of God" Ludwig Bemelmans lavishes his inimitable gifts on an Austrian Tyrolese town overflowing with* Gemuetlichkeit. *Victoria Lincoln, remembered for her "February Hill," offers the portrait of a naive, almost too loving girl in "Celia Amberly." Robert Liddell's "The Last Enchantments" is a disappointing tour de force about a young Englishman. Among the novels in this week's Fiction Notes are several well-done journeyman jobs.*

Schizophrenic Adventures

DEAR LIFE. By H. E. Bates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 149 pp. $2.

By Siegfried Mandel

MR. BATES'S short stories and short novels, which have won him a considerable audience, have been compared in quality and depth with the works of such divergent craftsmen as Chekhov and Joyce. His craftsmanship is obvious in this latest short novel, but the quality and depth are not consistently apparent. "Dear Life" works up an atmosphere which reminds one of the macabre attempts to make the real unreal as in the best of Poe, Strindberg, Schnitzler, Kafka, as well as in Truman Capote and Shirley Jackson of recent promise.

In this psychological thriller Mr. Bates sensitively describes the schizophrenic adventures of several persons who move in confusion between the reality of life in postwar England and the reality of their imagination until tragedy short-circuits their lives.

The story itself flies about in fragments; only when these fragments are caught can they give a coherent picture. A scholarship which comes Laura's way is coarsely rejected by her stepfather. The consequent yearning for the love of her dead father, the aggravation resulting from her loss of the scholarship, a wild and loose escapade with Johnny, her only neighborhood friend, all topped by beatings administered by her drunken stepfather tend to unsettle Laura's mind almost completely, so that everything which comes into contact with her assumes a blurred and frightening shape. Only once does she really break out of her passive, willless shell, when under the impetus of a furious hatred she helps Clay, a Canadian ex-sailor who has befriended her, to beat her sotted stepfather to death. After this act of revenge both flee the city to commit assorted crimes until Clay is shot to death and Laura surrenders to the unseen pursuers.

The warm rural passages in Mr. Bates's writings are not so much caused by intimacy with country life as by his hatred of the city. Mr. Bates has pointed this out in an old autobiographical statement in answer to those critics who place him in the rural tradition. He explained the rural lyricism of his writings as perhaps having been inherited through vagabond ancestry on both sides of the family.

In fact, there is a great deal of country imagery in "Dear Life" although most of the scenes are set in the city. There seems to be almost poetic vengeance in the way the city's more unpleasant features are accented: bombed-out sites, the ruins of war; the dark canal and waterfront; hints of alley life; homes, crowded and without privacy; stifling offices and their carnal employers. A pall of haunting gloom and despair is made to hang over the city.

Students of creative writing ought to be delighted with the range and technical versatility of this short novel. Mr. Bates works from an impressionistic palette, skilfully mixing adjectives, similes, metaphors, to reproduce sounds, colors, and smells. The impression however remains that Mr. Bates too often uses a trowel to pad poetically an essentially simple story.

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Gemuetlich Tyrolese

THE EYE OF GOD. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: The Viking Press. 312 pp. $3.

By Niccolo Tucci

IF THE reader is curious to measure God's eyesight in the mountains of Tyrol, he may, through Bemelmans's "Eye of God," see some beautiful mountain scenery such as God must particularly enjoy. He may also discover some wonderful specimens of mountain folk, people like Arbogast Tannegg, who initiates his son Severin into the mysteries of deer-hunting in a mood of real poetry—"The Eye of God" has all the things promised in its blurb, including the fact that, as the blurb itself puts it, "the Simple Life is triumphant."

This is perhaps what may irritate the reader, as if he had been dragged against his will into some Tyrolese night club full of "local color." Everything is so darned *gemuetlich*, characters sketched with talent, really to represent something, end in sugary *Gemuetlichkeit*, the tragedy of the war, Nazism, the fear of a third war, pass through Aspen's hotels and come out dripping with *Gemuetlichkeit*, almost like dramatized travelogues. Religion is also *gemuetlich*. The good nuns of Aspen hope to buy the relics of St. Clementine from some church in Rome. But relics are expensive. "Everything is going up these days, and what they ask for the Saint now, I don't know," says the Mother Superior, whose brother, the local surgeon, keeps forgetting his instruments inside the bodies of his patients, and is always so amusingly drunk, and such a good man. But one may easily imagine these good people buying the relics of Hitler or Lenin and being just as *gemuetlich* about it. There are also bad people in the cast: the local Nazis, bad, but *gemuetlich*, too. The only sinister ones are the German

Nazis, never the sweet Austrians. This is a well-known cliché. It is known that the sweet Austrians and the kind-hearted Italians were worse torturers than the cold-blooded Prussians. There is also a "classical" Jew, "*wie er im Bilderbuch steht*," the Germans would say. He is the "worst enemy of his race" because he is obnoxious, rich, intriguing, an international banker protected by Hitler, a man who rejoices in the death of others because this makes him feel that he is alive. This Jew caters to the *ungemuetlich* German SS-men, who, with typical German baseness, crawl in front of him. He cannot escape from himself, as he is not *gemuetlich*, but he escapes into Switzerland with all his money and a gay operetta princess. Among the Good Ones are, of course, the Allies. The French officer has of course an attack of *mal d'amour*, and his Moroccan troops are so good that instead of raping local girls they just scare them.

In the end everything is all right, except for the fact that the Swiss hotel manager gets more than he deserves. "As Villiger's fellow Swiss for 600 years have benefited from the disasters of mankind, he would be the gainer . . . he had leased the hotel. . . ." Why not say that the Swiss had benefited from the stupidity and dishonesty of mankind? The point is not pertinent to literary criticism, but it is interesting.

But, as said, except for this unfortunate infraction to Divine Justice, everything is all right in the end, and the reader feels simply compelled to say: "Thank God, I won't have to worry over the traffic of Divine Justice in the Tyrolese Alps." Because the Good Ones are rewarded, the Bad Ones punished (some of them who had been *gemuetlich* become good again, while the Germans, who were not *gemuetlich*, remain hopelessly bad), then Boy marries Girl, and the Menu ends with assorted pastries, wines, coffee, liqueurs. In the last page, close-up of Simple Family Life around crib of newly-born baby. The Eye of God may miss some local European details, but it can certainly see all the way from Aspen, Tyrol, to Hollywood, California. Isn't that wonderful of God?

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 816)

DENIS W. BROGAN:
*AMERICAN THEMES**

It is as a monument and a study of American life, of politics and social ideas of the turn of the century, that Mr. Dooley will be preserved. But fragments of his wisdom are already entered into proverb and some are of present utility.

*Mr. Dooley, 1936; Finley Peter Dunne, his creator, had just died.

Mooning & Kissing

CELIA AMBERLEY. By Victoria Lincoln. New York: Rinehart & Co. 370 pp. $3.

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

IT WAS "The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," if I remember correctly, which years ago began the vogue of making heroines of brilliant, sensitive, imaginative young ladies suffering from adolescence. There was also that more dashing later narrative out of Montana which fluttered the finishing schools called "I, Mary MacClain."

This lengthy novel by Victoria Lincoln is, in a nice way, like a modern combination of both. But somehow one is still reminded that in the gusty eighteenth century young ladies of good family in a similar state of mind were considered to be suffering "the vapours," a condition that marriage and a nice house and well-dressed children could be depended upon to remedy.

"Celia Amberley" is a study of innocence under the impact of an approaching, and somehow too slowly approaching, maturity. Innocence fixed in a pathetic immaturity was the subject of Victoria Lincoln's first, most successful, arresting book, "February Hill." She presented there with force and understanding and clarity a picture of the innocence of two prostitutes, grandmother and mother of a girl child more sensitive, mature, and aware than either of them. She found even a well-balanced humor in those wistful figures.

But then Victoria Lincoln began to write a series of charming, sensitive long short stories, in an increasing sort of subjectivity, as if she had begun not so much to observe others as to look into herself. It would be impossible to say that "Celia Amberley" is autobiographical. After all, every writer when he writes must look into himself. But in so doing the temptation is often to substitute self-pity for human understanding.

There is a kind of aura of self-pity about this novel which gives it an overrefinement and overemphasis Miss Lincoln was never forced to employ in the real drama and humanity of "February Hill."

Celia Amberly is beautifully and lingeringly presented as almost too pathetic a figure for the material of her life. It is true her possessive mother went insane and her father was a lovable alcoholic. But in spite of certain deep Freudian hints, she

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was well, even luxuriously taken care of and loved deeply and understandingly by the charming woman who married her father, evidently reforming him, and becoming her adoring step-mother. Celia was given everything of the best including almost more admiration than any one girl could take care of, and sent to an excellent woman's college.

Psychologically, I dare say, her girlish hunger for love is well, if painstakingly, motivated. But the infinite details of her concentration on young men and especially her innocent but almost unslakable need for kissing and being kissed, makes one, well, wonder a little. Her innocence fortunately also keeps her unaffected in her association with an incredible number of neurotic classmates, some of whom shot themselves.

But with all this involvement with a series of young men, with all this mooning and kissing, when she fails to meet with a glimmer of maturity the one boy who really loves her and is truly a companion to her, I find myself impatiently thinking that all this emphasized innocence may be faintly touched with stupidity. Or is there a sensible psychiatrist in the house?

Pity for the Charmless

THE LAST ENCHANTMENTS. By Robert Liddell. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 273 pp. $2.75.

By Struthers Burt

POSSIBLY I am an example of what overpraise and exaggerated critical analogies may do to a well-intentioned reader. At all events, I am confused. I have the unhappy feeling that Mr. Liddell's fifth, and latest, novel has been overestimated; but, on the other hand, I have an equally unhappy feeling that I may be wrong. I am inclined to the somber doubts of one who finds himself greatly in the minority. Perhaps I read in a perverse mood, or perhaps stupidly I missed the impact and profundity others have found. Certainly "The Last Enchantments" has crossed the Atlantic heavily laden with shiny extra baggage in the shape of extravagant and apparently unanimous approval, and it has been met on this side with equally high-temperature comment.

For example, Mr. Liddell's American publishers say in the first paragraph of their dust-cover hyperbole, "This is a brilliant novel. Its distinction derives in part from its witty and satirical tone, which will remind you of Evelyn Waugh. But of even more importance is the undercurrent of compassion which is Mr. Liddell's special gift."

Mr. Liddell is not Evelyn Waugh. And I mean that as a compliment. He is indeed witty, extremely so in his description of incidents and minor characters. But he is not a satirist, for satire is not his object, and his wit is merely a grateful ornament to quite proper human sentiment, even, at times, sentimentality. It is when satire, and the ghost of Evelyn Waugh, get the better of him, that he falters in his psychology or falls into smart-alecry in the best Oxford undergraduate manner. It is smart-alecky, for instance, slyly and matter-of-factly to make some of Jane Austen's characters the ancestors of Sir Peter Elliot, the rich, young baronet and famous actor who has married Miranda, the ungrateful child of the pathetic heroine, Mrs. Foyle, an Oxford lodging-house keeper. And it is a grave psychological error to satirize Miranda in such a fashion that she is made a creature utterly without charm or talent. The result is that she is unbelievable.

It is a deceitful world and the wicked frequently flourish—at least for awhile—like green bay trees, but they do not achieve what Miranda achieves without some gifts.

My confusion about this book really begins with the title itself. I do not know what "The Last Enchantments" means under the circumstances. If the enchantments are those of the Oxford suburb Mr. Liddell describes, North Oxford, or North Christminster, as he chooses to call it (since, for some mysterious reason, he creates a third great English university), and the small group of specialized, outsize characters he selects there, then there are no enchantments to lose. If he means, as I think he does, the enchantments of youth and prewar Oxford, then he does not get around to these until his last chapter—a very short and a very beautiful one, but having so little to do with the rest of the book that it comes rather as a shock and as if Mr. Liddell had suddenly decided to give his novel a profounder meaning than it actually has.

I think Mr. Liddell has written a tour de force. A novel that is more than ordinarily moving and beautiful

(*Continued on page* 43)

"I came here ten years ago to get background for a novel."

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Belles-Lettres.

Few of the immortals of English literature seem as out of harmony with the temper of the present as John Milton. Yet so great were the themes he selected, so sure was the art he employed in developing them, that he continues to be the subject of a steady stream of monographic studies. In the four years since the war enforced a hiatus in scholarly production, no less than seven volumes have been published, ranging in scope from T. S. Eliot's pamphlet on "Milton" to F. E. Hutchinson's "Milton and the English Mind." Now James Holly Hanford, whose "Milton Handbook" has guided generations of college students in their first steps through the works of the poet, offers "John Milton, Englishman," a biography happily suited to our era. . . . Christopher Morley's "The Ironing Board" is a beguiling potpourri by the onetime conductor of The Bowling Green in both the New York Post *and* SRL.

Poet of the Devil's Party—and God's

JOHN MILTON, ENGLISHMAN. By James Holly Hanford. New York: Crown Publishers. 272 *pp.* $3.75.

By William Haller

WHATEVER we may think of him, Milton is a figure to whom one generation after another has turned in its endeavor to get or keep its bearings in its own time. Our own has been no exception. We have seen Milton's writings made more completely and easily available. Our knowledge of the man and his background has been reviewed and extended. The nature and value of his work and influence have been reconsidered and reappraised. In all this activity of inquiry and criticism Mr. Hanford has been an acknowledged leader. His book, the fruit of long sustained study and reflection, is a penetrating and revealing biographical portrait, written for our time.

Whether we think of Milton as man or poet or as champion of a cause, we still find it next to impossible to be indifferent to him or to agree in our view of him. His contemporaries and near-contemporaries have told us much of the external circumstance of his life. He spent his prime in the thick of a revolutionary age which historians have studied and restudied. He himself put into words almost everything—or so it seems—he thought and felt about everything that happened or that we imagine to have happened to him. Yet all this does not make easier the problem of understanding and just appreciation. It makes us realize how much did happen and what a complex, self-conscious, articulate, uncompromising, indomitable character he was. He determined early that he would learn everything that books could teach him about human life. He was convinced that the arts of discourse, above all, poetry, were a key to power over men which might be mastered by anyone with the will and the ability to do so. That he himself had both, he had no doubt whatever. He believed also that he was called by the Lord to employ his abilities in the service of the Church and the nation and that the Lord was in covenant not to let his servants fail. But the really extraordinary thing was that Milton's estimate of his own ability and determination were substantially correct. A greater gift, a surer art, were never brought to heel of a more unbending, some would say a more mistaken, purpose.

The life which Milton worked out for himself upon such principles was not one of inner tranquillity or easy accomplishment. Fame and marriage, though deeply desired, were postponed in the interest of the great poem, doctrinal to the nation, which was to outdo Tasso and Virgil. The poem was postponed in the interest of revolutionary tracts, which went unheeded when they were not misunderstood and abused. Marriage, when finally attempted, turned out to be anything but that ideal union he had been led to expect from reading the Bible and the best poets. It left him, presently, a widower with three small daughters and a carping mother-in-law. His great moment came when the Commonwealth called him to write in its defense, but it was only a moment. He became ill, went blind, was demoted, and saw the Commonwealth fall to pieces. At the Restoration, he was driven into hiding, imprisoned, and only narrowly allowed to escape more serious punishment. Thus, up to a point, the story of Milton's life, as Hanford tells it, was one of disappointment, failure, and defeat, of pride and ambition struggling bitterly against frustration and despair. Yet the man was not defeated. He fought his way through to the completion of his treatise of Christian doctrine and the three great poems, to satisfactory marriage and a reasonably comfortable, even serene and gracious old age, but at a price. The towering arrogance with which he encountered his fate is a measure of the intensity of the psychic, emotional effort that final attainment cost.

Upon this inner struggle and its outcome Mr. Hanford chiefly focusses our attention. He does not fight the Puritan Revolution all over again. He sets down nothing in extenuation or out of prejudice. He writes with the full knowledge of the scholar and the discernment of one who has pondered wisely the teachings of modern psychology. To the question, was Milton, as Blake said, of the devil's party without knowing it, his answer is yes, but with the qualification that he was of God's party too, or rather of all parties and of none. Satan battling against restriction, Christ holding the devil in check by force of reason as far as reason could go, both were Milton, and their conflict represents the unresolved conflict with their author's, within every divided soul. But this is not all. Milton, as Mr. Hanford sees him, had also his own Samson within him, purged finally through experience and by expression of the fierce emotions by which he had been beset. He found peace at last in the reflection that life itself was an Aristotelian tragedy.

William Haller is professor of English at Barnard College, Columbia University.

Mountains

Eric Wilson Barker

TAKE comfort from the mountains—
When we are gone
Time still will grind them, but so long, so long,
Centuries like leaves upon our eyes will be
By winds forgot, forgotten by the sea,
Before the mountains, thewed like stars, have run
To not an inch of shadow in the sun.

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Tidbits from an Improvised Bar

THE IRONING BOARD. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday & Co. 255 pp. $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

FIVE years ago there was a wedding in the Morley home. Champagne was available to the callow and the conventional, but for "the mature bullfrogs of his clan" the father of the bride properly provided Scotch. The bar was a $2.95 ironing board, titivated out of all recognition. After the ceremony, but not right after, the ironing board became a temporary file. Temporary files invariably become permanent storehouses; stuff piled up; out of the ironing board, or off it, comes this collection of papers —literary, personal, general, specific, pertinent, impertinent, all of them easy to take.

The collection dates, and therein lies much of its charm and value. Nearly everything in it was written "within the Decade of Damnation, 1939-49." Much of the dating is casual; there is allusion both with and without intent, such as a reference to the cigarette shortage, and two of the units stem from "those terrible days in the Community Garden." Some of the dating is grandly deliberate, such as "Notes on an Island," an account of England revisited in 1947, which is eloquent and informed reporting; so is "What Happened at Quebec," which Mr. Morley calls "one of the first news stories that ventured to see FDR as a dying man."

There is an essay "On Belonging to Clubs," in which the clubs are as identifiable as Ben Turpin wearing a hat with "Spy" over the vizor; it is not membership propaganda. Dove Dulcet is reincarnate in half a dozen papers, and, since the writer is Christopher Morley, there is something, be it little or much, about Keats, RLS, Sherlock Holmes, Walt Whitman, and Max Beerbohm. There are tributes to E. V. Lucas, Hulbert Footner, T. A. Daly, Robert Cortes Holliday. The last of these originally appeared as a letter to the editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. What finer way is there to say farewell where all may hear?

The introductory piece, the one that explains the ironing-board business, takes a leaf (with credit) from the book of George Saintsbury, who "always insisted it was only decent courtesy to annotate the origins of any such collection." Mr. Morley adheres to this policy of considerateness with an amplitude never before (I think) approached, and the result, to the professional (author, editor, critic, teacher, literary agent) is likely to prove the most absorbing unit in the book. Mr. Morley tells not only who printed what, but who didn't print what and why.

—From the jacket of "The Ironing Board."

The more ancient reader of this engaging collection will detect in it the spoor of the one-time conductor of "The Bowling Green" in the *Evening Post* of years agone. Readers of too recent assembly to recall that delectable time will here be privileged to discover what they missed.

CORRECTION

The price for "Morning Time," by Charles O'Neill, published by Simon & Schuster, and reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 22, is $2.95 instead of $3.50, as printed.

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE POPULACE IN SHAKESPEARE, by Brents Stirling. Columbia University Press. $3. What was Shakespeare's attitude toward the populace in his plays? That is the question which Professor Stirling treats. Using as his main examples the mob scenes in "Henry VI, Part 2," "Julius Caesar," and "Coriolanus," he shows that Shakespeare's attitude—an undemocratic one, by modern standards—was actually the prevalent one of the Elizabethan *status quo*, which feared the leveling that might result from the mob's social and religious dissidence. After an introduction which discusses the general relationship between literature and society, Professor Stirling supports his theory by citing a mass of contemporary writings to establish the ideological climate in which the populace of these plays grew. For all his awareness of newer critical approaches, he uses one which actually belongs to traditional literary scholarship; his contribution in this study is rather that of synthesis and documentation. He is widely literate and frequently witty. It is pleasant to come across such a statement as this in a scholarly book: "It would seem that Shelley's 'unacknowledged legislators' are lameduck Congressmen."

MELVILLE'S USE OF THE BIBLE, by Nathalia Wright. Duke Univ. Press. $3.50. When Melville read Matthew Arnold's essay on translating Homer, he checked and underlined the sentence: "My *Bibliolatry* is perhaps excessive." He realized how great was his own debt to the Bible. That debt is now assessed by Miss Wright in a monograph, which has the commendable qualities of being compact, systematic, and literate. Her method is to scrutinize the Biblical derivation of Melville's imagery, characters, themes, and style. She has the advantage of consulting, in addition to his works, his personal copy of the Bible which he marked and annotated. Yet her analysis is not merely textual, for she proceeds from her evidence to discuss with sensitivity and acuteness the total effect of the Bible on Melville's romances. Her book, along with Professor Braswell's recent one on Melville's religious thought and the new edition of his works currently appearing, implements the vigorous revival of interest in the creator of "Moby-Dick."

THE IMAGERY OF KEATS AND SHELLEY, by Richard Harter Fogle. University of North Carolina Press. $4. Professor Fogle steps forward to champion Shelley against the new Critics, who have condemned Romantic poetry because it does not conform to their standards of what true poetry is. He uses one of their most frequent weapons, imagery, to prove that Shelley is not far inferior to Keats in the imagery of sensation, synaesthesia (transference of sensation), and empathy. His final chapter, cleverly entitled "Romantic Bards and Metaphysical Reviewers," is a frontal assault on the New Criticism's attitude toward Shelley. If he does not fight as vigorously as Byron did in his assault on the reviewers, it is not only because literary manners are polite today; his intention is to rescue Shelley rather than to bring his opponents to their knees. But one wonders whether he overestimates the strength, influence, and importance of Shelley's detractors. The anthologies still reprint his poetry, along with the other romantics, and the standard (Oxford) one-volume edition of his poems was reset in 1934 and reprinted in 1945 and 1947. It hardly looks as though Shelley is really in trouble.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Ideas Have Chain Reactions

NOW THAT the apparent, disintegrative effects of the war have been resolved into a frame in which the near future can be studied in reference to the known present, it becomes the duty of intelligent men and women to study the vast changes that have been brought to pass recently in every field of human activity and thought. What once seemed to be expanding chaos can now be shown to form the beginning of a pattern which gives meaning to the age we live in, providing we can postulate that another world war, fought with atomic and biologic weapons, need not overwhelm the world. This possibility of understanding, and of thus integrating the life of the individual with what H. G. Wells called the World Brain, is conceivable simply because so many scientists, philosophers, and investigators of what was once abstruse have devoted themselves to inventing a technique of interpretive writing. We do not now have to depend entirely on imaginative writers of fiction to explain the new world. What was dimly seen over the horizon when Wells was creating his pseudo-scientific stories has now come roaring into our lives with the speed of a jet plane.

It is not a paradox that the greatest living scientist has devoted a part of his creative mind to interpretation. Albert Einstein has attempted the impossible, and, as far as it is possible, has succeded in translating mathematical symbols from the language of science into ideas that can be put into ordinary words. He was one of the first to understand that the destruction of the solid concepts of the universe formed in the nineteenth century would leave people helpless and bewildered unless a complementary attempt was made to educate them. When Einstein concluded that the universe is neither infinite nor Euclidean, as most scientists supposed, but something hitherto unimagined, he was opening the door to fear and dismay, however remote his conceptions might seem to the ordinary man's life. Sir James Jeans, the late British physicist, felt equally this compulsion to interpret scientific conceptions to the layman. He wrote, "A soap bubble with corrugations on its surface is perhaps the best representation, in terms of simple and familiar materials, of the new universe revealed to us by the Theory of Relativity. The soap bubble has only two dimensions, the universe bubble has four—three dimensions of space and one of time. The substance out of which this bubble is blown, the soap film, is empty space welded into empty time." He was addressing men as if they were children who must learn the alphabet in order to read.

We have in this manner learned many strange alphabets, for the public is equally aware that they must somehow comprehend the physicist who is exploring the atom, the political philosopher who is forming revolutionary concepts of world government, the chemist and the biologist who are discovering remedies for once incurable diseases, and the agronomists and biologists who are studying the productivity of the earth in terms of starvation and human breeding.

We are discovering, in fact, that there is a relationship between a simple fact like human hunger and a great number of concepts and sciences that were once privately debated and that now are argued in the pages of daily newspapers. It is true that Americans are inclined to be overenthusiastic in their regard for apparently logical phrases and nostrums, for we have always had faith in patent medicines. It is a generous and logical idea, for example, to send all of our surplus grain, now flooding over our granaries and abandoned airplane hangars, into Asia, which is suffering from chronic starvation. But the biologist explains that it would result in a population increase resulting in even greater tragedy in the near future. It was logical to assume that relief on a gigantic scale would result in uniting Western Europe economically and politically. But the historians are now telling us that we have neglected both history and politics, and as a result our billions and years of effort may have been spent in vain.

LIKE a chain reaction in physics every simple idea is related to others and becomes in the end a part of a universal complex. It is on the study and knowledge of these complexes that have to deal with the behavior of human beings that the future of man depends. We are like physicians of the past faced with an epidemic for which they did not know the cure, since they did not know from what source it came, or how it was communicated to others. That it will be cured, if there is time enough given to us, we cannot doubt.

Already we know the outlines of the shape of things to come, unless civilization dies in another war. A professor of economics at Harvard, Sumner H. Slichter, has recently reported on what this country may look forward to thirty years hence. Based on statistics and on the assumption

Excavation Site

By Theodore Spencer

THEY came and were corrupted and are gone,
Shards, bones and ruins all of them we know,
Their towers crumbled downward out of stone
Into this shifted dust, shifted to show
A broken face, a message cracked and blurred,
Dates in a calendar we cannot read—
Grief an indecipherable word,
Triumph a clump of asters gone to seed.

They came and we have come and we are they,
Our knowledge their sole being, our slight sigh
The only voice of a once tumultuous cry
Clamoring in eager business all day long,
And all their shouts of passionate right and wrong
Some old stale words we barely trouble to say.

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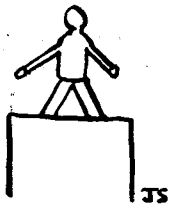
that the nature of the American people will not have suffered radical change, and leaving out the unpredictable, he believes that our production of goods and services will be doubled by a labor force of more than seventy-two millions working only thirty hours a week. There will be two cars in almost every garage, a greater proportion of the population in colleges and high schools, and the arts may flourish here as never before in the history of the world.

In these glittering visions he is examining the United States as if it stood alone in the world. Discontent with an increasingly mechanical civilization, decline of religion, growth of alien political ideas, and a hundred other concepts that might interfere with the kind of American utopia he creates are left out of this happy prospectus. But worse still, he leaves out the possible failure of the rest of the world to approach such standards, the increasing starvation of the soil in less fortunate countries, the depletion of raw products, foreign political revolutions, and in Europe the fear of war. We cannot live in a fool's paradise. We must be taught the nature of man and the homogeneity of every factor that relates to his future.

—H. S.

Atomic Age Fables



XXV: The March of the Machines

AT LAST the machines were perfect. It was no longer necessary to use the energy of men for the design and construction of new mechanisms.

On the iron platform in the center of the square the leader addressed the people who had convened in the supreme moment.

"Our triumph is complete," the leader told his people. "The machines meet every impact of space and time. We are free, and we shall march forward."

When he finished these words a rumble of thunder was heard.

Was it a storm that had gathered, or was it the machines? —J. S.

Bookmarks

IN AN odd little anthology entitled "The Spirit of the Public Journals, or Beauties of the American Newspapers for 1805," published at Baltimore in 1806, appears an extract in which the unidentified writer suggests that "care ought to be taken that our newspapers do not spoil our English." This critic was peculiarly sensitive to the choice of the preposition in the sentence "Mr. J. arrived passenger on the ship *Florida*," as if Mr. J. were "a barnacle stuck upon the bottom." "Over the signature of" seemed to him to be "another buckram expression"—he preferred "under." And he continued:

> The Connecticut papers are remarkable for telling us that a number of great *characters* came to town in the stage-coach. A man not unfrequently finds when he travels, that his character goes before him, and sometimes an unfortunate traveler leaves his character behind him. Now, this being permitted, it is quite clear that the aforesaid *characters* in the stage did not arrive alone without their lawful owner.

Three up and three down.

* * *

In Van Van Praag's "Day Without End," a tough and literal narrative of infantry fighting in Normandy, Lieutenant Paul Roth, in the middle of the action, sees a group of French civilians coming toward him from the German lines. "They were all elderly people, men and women over fifty." That sentence shot us right out of the story to the dust jacket, where we learned that the author was born in 1920. All right, Mr. Van Praag, you just wait till 1971 and read that sentence over again.

* * *

Why are some novels readily rereadable and others not? The division is no mere separation of the good from the trashy. The non-rereadable novel may be excellent, the rereadable ordinary. Literary quality may or may not be involved. A novel can be so bad, of course, that it is not even readable, let alone rereadable, and it can be so good (though the goodness may not be the factor effecting that result) that it photographs itself on the reader's mind beyond peradventure of forgetting. There are several admirable novels which are so fixed in our memory that we can never take them up a second time, and there are several second- and third-rate novels to which we can turn again and sometimes again. The mystery persists.

* * *

The growing tendency among publishers to omit running heads is making it increasingly difficult for over-shoulder inspectors to tell what their neighbors in common carriers are reading.

* * *

Has Junior been complaining about the quantity and difficulty of his homework? Crack down on him with a fragment from the autobiography of John Stuart Mill:

> I have no remembrance of the time when I began to learn Greek. I have been told that it was when I was three years old. My earliest recollection on the subject is that of committing to memory what my father termed vocables, being lists of common Greek words, with their signification in English, which he wrote out for me on cards. Of grammar, until some years later, I learnt no more than the inflexions of the nouns and verbs, but, after a course of vocables, proceeded at once to translation; and I faintly remember going through "Aesop's Fables," the first Greek book which I read. "The Anabasis," which I remember, was the second. I learnt no Latin until my eighth year. At that time I had read, under my father's tuition, a number of Greek prose authors, among whom I remember the whole of Herodotus, and of Xenophon's "Cyropaedia" and "Memorials of Socrates"; some of the lives of the philosophers by Diogenes Laertius; part of Lucian, and Isocrates ad Demonicum and Ad Nicoclem. I also read, in 1813 [he turned his seventh birthday on May 20 of that year], the first six dialogues (in the common arrangement) of Plato, from the "Euthyprhon" to the "Theoctetus" inclusive.

"In the common arrangement," note. Anybody could do *that*. Better skip that phrase when you read the paragraph to Junior.

* * *

Mark Twain, in 1897, anticipates modern advertising technique ("Following the Equator," Chapter XXIV): "It was as if the name BALLARAT had suddenly been written on the sky, where all the world could read it at once."

* * *

Coyness and archness are the attributes which a novel can most satisfactorily get along without.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Publishing with Profit

SIR: I found J. K. Lasser's "The Book Business—With and Without Profit" [*SRL* Oct. 29] fascinating and chockful of the real facts of life of trade-book publishing. There has been so much confusion on the part of authors, agents, and even publishers about what is really going on in the trade publishing field, that you have done a real service in presenting the truth about publishing in terms not of opinion, but facts and figures by a man who really knows what he's talking about.

LEON SHIMKIN,
Secretary and Treasurer,
Simon & Schuster, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Prayerful attention to the truths J. K. Lasser brings out, which are all too painfully known to every publisher, might help to meet some aspects of the problem. This would benefit all, because publishing is verily one world, and the interests of the publisher, the author, the bookseller, the printer, etc., are all tied up together. The money that feeds and clothes them comes from just one source; that is, the dollars the reading public puts down for books. Some publishers might live on their fat in a time of stress for a while, but not many and those not for long. So we the publishers, the middlemen, the processors of the product which keeps the industry alive, are in a way the keystone in an economic edifice vital to a good many thousands of people. This is not a plea that everyone give way in favor of the publisher. It is a plea for an understanding reading of Mr. Lasser's article, so that in cooperation we can perhaps brighten the gloomy future he paints.

Being an editor, my primary interest is that authors and literary agents should ponder Mr. Lasser's remarks. All too often when I have advanced some of these facts to authors they would shrug them off with the remark, voiced or implied, "This has nothing to do with me." But it has.

Today many publishers are passing by many good books, which would sell in the 3,500-5,000 bracket, because they dare not multiply current losses. Those authors are the victims of the very conditions Mr. Lasser sets forth. It's a pity but how far can a publisher dip into his reserves for certain losses? Even so, we publishers are perennial optimists, frequently incurring the disapproval of the CPA's by our insistence on taking books which we know will lose money but which for purely literary reasons we cannot pass by, or because we have faith in the author's future.

The CPA's, the Cheneys, the business-administration experts cluck their disapproval but still we must take the books in which we have great faith. Publishing, as has been said, is a trade, a business, a profession, and an art. We might also add, an informed gamble. We cannot remove from it the speculative element. It is right there that the accountant and the editor come to grips because the one deals with facts and figures; the other almost entirely with intangibles —literary opinion, popular taste, trends in reading. Neither side can prosper without due consideration of both points of view.

HARRY E. MAULE,
Editor,
Random House, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You go on to California, get a good job, and send for me."

SIR: . . . I for one am glad to see some of the chi-chi going out of publishing—the lavish authors' parties at "21," expensive presents to authors, the general feeling that being a book publisher is like belonging to a select club—a dilettante's club. It may still be a club, but it's no longer for the dilettantes.

New manufacturing techniques, new sales outlets, mail-order possibilities, mail-order developments, and improved advertising methods are all avenues of escape from the predicament we all find ourselves in. But along with these practical considerations must go a new philosophy in publishing—a more mature philosophy than we've ever had before. Publishers have got to know what they're doing and why they're doing it.

Mr. Lasser reports that many deserving young writers will have a hard time breaking into print. That's undoubtedly true, but there may be ways of helping them which do not entail publishing their first mediocre efforts. I don't believe that in the years ahead of us good books will fail to find a publisher. Certainly during the dark days of the Thirties, when conditions were even worse than they are now, the good books somehow got published.

It's true that fringe publishing will die a quiet death, for I can't believe that many of us in these days will care to invest in such items as the memoirs of an unknown English jurist, a book of sonnets by a minor poet, or a collection of essays by a second-rate author. I feel also that from now on there will be an end to the silly practice of scattershot publishing—the theory of putting out a great many titles merely because one expects a certain percentage of them to be best sellers. But imaginative publishing, even experimental publishing, will still have its place and we will still have good reason for publishing some titles at a loss.

All right, Mr. Lasser, if this sounds too optimistic, remember that no one would be caught dead in the publishing business if he weren't an optimist

LEBARON R. BARKER,
Executive Editor,
Doubleday & Co., Inc.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: J. K. Lasser's piece is as clear and authoritative a statement of the present economic crisis in the publishing of trade books as I have seen or heard anywhere. I hope it will do a lot of good; the prevailing general impression that books cost too much can be refuted only by clear and cogent explanation such as Mr. Lasser has here provided. My only real reservation about the piece as a whole is that the hopeful ending seems to me entirely too hopeful.

. . . Much as the present outlook may require some future hope of betterment, I question Mr. Lasser's suggestion that a happy ending may be just around the corner. Some of the adverse factors which he had not the space to discuss seem to me to be these: (1) The gradual obsolescence of old publishing contracts at lower royalty rates than those now prevailing. (2) The revolution in the field of juvenile publishing in which the twenty-five-cent book is steadily supplanting everything else in its publishing area. (3) The notable loss of revenue from hard-covered reprints, which, before the domination of the twenty-five-cent book in this field, probably yielded more money to a majority of publishers than the occasional paper-cover contract of today and which embraced a far wider publishing range. (4) The absence of any real economic leadership in the publishing industry. (5) The skyrocketing

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costs to printers and binders of new and more efficient equipment. (6) The steady tendency for many kinds of trade books, notably fiction, to have briefer and briefer total sales lives; in the case of many titles the advance sale is an overwhelming percentage of the total sale, and the advance sale is the most expensive to get.

Neither do I believe with Mr. Lasser that the few tentative and experimental steps recently taken to increase sales at the retail level will significantly affect the annual volume. Book-selling is a highly unprofitable form of retail trade, ranking forty-ninth in a list of fifty such businesses in a survey made, if I recall, about a year ago. Until book retailing is rendered profitable enough to attract the ablest possible people and reward them accordingly, little change is to be expected at this level. As for the development of new readers through the teaching of reader speeds and "book appreciation"—speed the day, but it is a long time off.

And so for the rest of the encouraging signs which Mr. Lasser seems to see on the horizon. Even if all of them are actually pointing the way to lower costs and higher volume, the total effect will, it seems to me, be insufficient. Sooner or later trade-book prices will have to go up considerably higher than they have yet done.

The final impact of any publishing crisis like the present one will be felt at the editorial level. Books written for small groups of special readers and books by beginning writers will be increasingly affected, and although many people profess to believe that this will be a good thing, like birth control in an over-populated country, I am not so sure. Certainly the last type of book to be eliminated will be the mass-market merchandise "item," which is seldom a book of any permanent value or importance. In the meantime, much good beginning writing may go unpublished.

One final point: Not all the best young editors are people of independent means. Unless the trade publishing business can become sufficiently profitable to pay better salaries to its key people—the rising generation of younger editors—the present crisis may produce an impoverishment of trade publishing which will require decades to overcome.

WILLIAM SLOANE,
President,
William Sloane Assoc.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have just returned from ten weeks in the country between the Yellowstone and the Washita. I was in such varying spots as Billings and Oklahoma City, Birney, Doby Springs, and Shallow Water. Even in the most remote region I found radios, refrigerators, ammoniated tooth paste, windsocks, *The New Yorker*, and the new cropped hair-do.

But outside of a few collectors of Western Americana there were almost no books. Not that people out there don't want to read. Everywhere they asked about books: history, biography, opinion, the sciences, and poetry and novels, old and new. Even the best sellers are difficult to obtain. Cattlemen, farmers, and truck-drivers on the road fished out old tally books to write down titles and authors, always ending up with the query: "Got any idea where I can send for the books?"

Their wives were even more eager, particularly for books on homemaking, child rearing, and community problems. Many had tried, through local clubs and reading groups, to work out something, without much success. There are book stores in such cities as Billings and Oklahoma City but very few between. While nobody was hoping for book supplies at every trading point, many complained that there was not even much opportunity to find out what was being published. Why wasn't there a periodic list or newspaper column by someone who knew the publishing business and understood the interests of the high plains country? "If I just had me a little list every couple months! Books that might interest us, with a line or two telling the truth about what's in 'em, and the address of some place that'll send 'em out," a weathered old sheepman told me in Montana. "Come winter I got a lot of loose reading time—"

Apparently he has some loose money too. At least all his herders get their mail dropped to them by plane.

MARI SANDOZ.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have had a brief experience in going in and out of the book-selling business, and am now publishing one book, my own. So I at least know what J. K. Lasser is talking about. And, like the shoe manufacturer's son he mentions, I mean to keep on with book publishing, anyhow to the extent of publishing my wife's books as well as mine (with some help from the Kelsey Company, who manufacture hand presses, not far south of here, in Meriden, Connecticut). These 1,000-copy editions can all be handled by domestic economy, home-work.

KELLY JANES.

Monterey, Mass.

"Even Good News Is News"

SIR: Your editorial, "Even Good News Is News" [*SRL* Oct. 29] reveals a situation that has long and sorely troubled me. I give you my assurance that I shall be no less pleased than you at the overwhelming response the editorial is certain to evoke from *SRL* readers, and that pleasure will increase accordingly with the uneasiness it may cause in American newspaper offices. To hope for an immediate remedy would, I fear, be merely wishful thinking but repeated highlighting of this state of affairs may eventually penetrate the conscience of "the powers that be."

Not many weeks ago I mentioned to a friend who happens to work for one of the women's magazines published in New York the fact that not only was there a distortion of news coverage in the nation's press, but that so many wonderful and heart-warming human-interest stories were daily buried in the back pages of our daily papers. I suggested that many of these deserved front-page prominence, some even banner headlines. "But would they sell newspapers?" was his immediate response.

We might do very well to get the opinions of our leading psychologists and psychiatrists as to whether a reversal of policy might not have a beneficial influence upon the American state of mind. The American people are surely as "hungry for something constructive and affirmative, something that can call attention to positive values" as the children of Europe and Asia are hungry for food and loving care. Let us hope your column of "Good news worth the telling and the knowing" will mark a new era in our literary and journalistic history.

JOSEPH M. GRANT.

New York, N. Y.

Isle of Caprice

SIR: Horace Sutton has accomplished something unique in the world of letters. In "Bright Little Isle" [*SRL* Oct. 29] he has actually written an article about Capri without mentioning Norman Douglas, though he deals with many less famous island personalities. Whether this is through forbearance or capriciousness, it is impossible to tell. Now, to really test the man, let's have him do articles on Ayot St. Lawrence without mentioning GBS, on Baltimore sans Henry L. Mencken, and on Oxford, Mississippi, with no reference to William Faulkner.

MRS. PYKE JOHNSON, JR.

New York, N. Y.

Revolt

SIR:

I can swallow words
Like Lincolniana,
Americana and Louisiana.
But enough's enough;
I just don't wanna
Wrap my tongue
Around Maughamana.

L. V. PIDGEON.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Concerning Hiroshima

SIR: The response to your article "Hiroshima—Four Years Later" [*SRL* Sept. 17] has left me quite surprised and quite bewildered. We never learn, do we?

Can it be possible that all your readers are willing to forgive those who tried to perpetrate, by force, the fraud that they were the supermen of at least their half of the world? Can it be possible that all your readers have forgotten so soon how the little men of Japan treated those whom they conquered?

Yes, Mr. Cousins, I will stop thinking of the Japanese as a nation, and I will think of them as individuals, and I say that the individual in Japan was as responsible for the killing of

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the Chinese as Tojo was, and I say it was the individual German who was as responsible for the killing of their Jewish brothers as Hitler was. It may be the government of the nation who rules as far as the outside world is concerned, but in any nation, whether it be here, in Russia, in Japan or Germany, it is the individual who rules the government.

We helped the Japanese people once before in time of need; it was after an earthquake hit their island, I believe. They have indeed proven themselves deeply grateful.

ALVIN FRANKENBERG.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: One Norman Cousins has, it seems to me, done more than an average man's share in the cause of world peace and in the conservation of those beautiful and intriguing sparks of human life. Sometimes, true, he levels off on a high plane of abstraction that almost appears to suggest a display of erudition; but perhaps that is because he is addressing himself to readers of *The Saturday Review*, in general a rather erudite audience. In "Hiroshima—Four Years Later" Mr. Cousins has thrown off erudition and abstraction and has brought the cause of universal humanity, including Japanese and (shall we say now?) even Russians, home to everyone in the most plain, human, and concrete terms.

After reading this article I developed the most utter horror of the idea of destroying ideas by destroying people and began to think anew on the subject of realizing the aim of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial, "No More Hiroshimas."

The next Hiroshima was to have been, I suppose, in the United States or in Russia. I say "was to have been" advisedly, for after more than four uneasy years of some kind of peace in which warmongers—there were some on both sides of the Atlantic—did their best to create new Hiroshimas in defense or projection of cherished ideologies, we seem gradually to have progressed away from war and intolerance and towards peace and understanding. That is because every time a warmonger shot off his mouth those of us who are against killing and for living and even for so radical an idea as loving one another irrespective of race, religion, nationality, class, or other difference (all of us being different anyway) came forth with some such thing as "Hiroshima—Four Years Later," which more than undid all that the warmongers were able to do.

. . . Neither the United States nor Soviet Russia is either all black or all white. In an all-black country everybody would be dead and in an all-white country everybody would be alive, well-off, and happy, and obviously neither is the case in either of the countries in question—nor in any other. Nothing is more unprogressive and reactionary in a nation or in a human individual than the idea that one has achieved perfection. Perfection remains for all of us, individually and collectively, a far cry and a long goal. There is undoubtedly much good that we can learn from Soviet Russia and there is certainly much good that Soviet Russia can learn from us. There is definitely something we can learn from Franco Spain, and I wouldn't be surprised if we couldn't make useful discoveries in Zululand.

Why be so superior? Why be so arrogant? Why be so nationalistic?

Why not come down off the high horse and be just a human being among humanity, all enjoying one another? Man has always been creating new things under the sun. That is how he arose from the miasmic mire and became man. The new thing under the sun that man must create now is peace. From peace, possibly, we can proceed to love, which is what God is.

VERNON A. WARD, JR.

Ransomville, N. C.

SIR: In the face of such nobility displayed by fine people towards the orphans of Hiroshima, I feel that maybe I'm a heel, some inferior type, in saying that before I get into a lather about the orphans of Hiroshima, I would like to know what happened to those made by the attack on Pearl Harbor. Where could this information be obtained?

BELINDA JELLIFFE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Living up here where mail service is somewhat erratic, I am usually about a month behind on the *SRL*. Hence my tardy response. Being a spinster and more or less on the move, I'm afraid my adoption will have to remain "moral."

DORIS VECKER.

Mt. Edgecumbe, Alaska.

SIR: Our church school is interested in your suggested program of moral adoptions. We would appreciate knowing if we could actually obtain the name or picture of the child or children our school might adopt.

REV. RAY S. UTTERBACK.

Painesville, O.

SIR: How rapidly we forget the Norwegians who took the little German children after World War I and how rapidly we are helping the young in Germany and Japan to get on their feet for World War III.

BENNETT H. BERMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I was glad to get something of the truth as to the situation in Hiroshima. The enclosure, I trust, will help alleviate a bit of the suffering of a child or two.

FREDERICK KELLER STAMM.

Plumsteadville, Pa.

SIR: We are very happy to be able to adopt a Japanese child under your plan for moral adoptions. Christopher, our three-year-old, has been very anxious to have a brother or sister. So we are all waiting to hear more about our adopted son or daughter. . . . Our admiration and affection go to Mrs. Yamashita for her humane work.

MRS. JOHN F. HOWELL.

Hartsdale, N. Y.

Turn It Withershins

SIR: John T. Winterich inquires what the old-timers said for "counterclockwise." As early as 1545, probably much earlier, they said "withershins." It is certainly a shorter and neater word than "counterclockwise."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

SIR: Maybe the people who tried to save this world before the invention of "counterclockwise" were in a fix much like the one described by the man who, in the course of trying to explain "concave" and "convex," cut loose with: "Concave is when something's caved in, and convex is when it's vexed out—and you get all mixed up all over again when you look at it from the other side."

GEORGE W. THOMPSON.

Detroit, Mich.

Books in Oblivion

SIR: I am entirely in agreement with the letter published in *SRL* of August 13 that you devote a page to a discussion of books of the recent past that, though of real literary merit, did not receive their just due from the reading public. I would go further, however, and recommend that someone revive the idea of The Reader's Club, which George Macy launched with such conspicuous success in 1941 but which was fated to die of paper famine in a few years. The idea of the Reader's Club was to obtain a larger audience for books of distinction which for various and largely unfathomable reasons failed to have the success they deserved. That the plan was successful is proved by the remarkable flood of applications for membership. (In fact, the Club claimed its administrative machinery broke down under the avalanche and there were indications that it never did regain real efficiency.) The quality of its selections was amazingly high when compared with the ephemera now being distributed by the major clubs.

Many excellent books are going out of print and into oblivion because they are overshadowed by some book-club selection of less than doubtful literary value. There is a large audience for the kind of books the Reader's Club distributed; someone should see to it that such books are made available. Certainly an occasional page in *SRL* devoted to the neglected but worthwhile book would help.

LELAND J. BECKER.

San Francisco, Calif.

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Americana. *One indication of the strong hold Abraham Lincoln continues to exert on Americans is the extraordinary number and variety of men who devote their spare hours to the study of his life and times. These include not only professional historians, but lawyers, chemists, physicians, and real-estate men. Their interest takes many forms: a prosperous lawyer like Oliver Barrett builds up an invaluable collection (described in Carl Sandburg's new book, "Lincoln Collector," reviewed below), while Kenneth P. Williams, a mathematics professor with a penchant for military strategy, undertakes a monumental work such as "Lincoln Finds a General" (the first half of which is discussed this week). . . . In the tradition of F. L. Allen's highly readable accounts of the recent past is Lloyd Morris's "Not So Long Ago," concerned with the early days of the auto, the movies, and the radio.*

From Chain Letters to a Rich Cache

LINCOLN COLLECTOR: The Story of Oliver Barrett's Great Private Collection. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 344 pp. $15.

By J. G. RANDALL

IN DECEMBER 1888 an Illinois boy of fifteen sent out a chain letter (the innocent kind) which went the rounds of distinguished men and women. On the reverse side of the letter was a formidable list of authors and statesmen; enclosed were pages of an autograph book. After signing his name, each notable was asked to address "an envelope to the next person after you on the opposite page, enclosing this letter and the book." When ex-President Hayes received this droll request he complied and mentioned it in his diary. When Mark Twain got it he signed, but grumbled: "Pass the damned piece of impudence to Warner." There might be protest and a bit of swearing, but no one broke the chain. The boy got what he asked. Ollie Barrett, of Pittsfield, Illinois, had begun collecting.

He never stopped. Through sixty years he has ridden his hobby, scrutinizing catalogues, a "ton or two" of them, bidding at auctions, sometimes making hidden bids through others, becoming conversant with moot points and collectors' tricks, spending good money for old pieces of paper, bargaining and trading, so that today, as for many years, his is incomparably the greatest and most flavorful Lincoln collection in private hands. Now comes Carl Sandburg, out of the fulness of his Lincolnian wisdom, the richness of his descriptive skill, and the comradeship of long association with Barrett, to write a book—a unique and significant one—about the man himself and his important hobby.

Rising as somewhat of a youthful entrepreneur—accumulating profits by operations in calves, pigs, lives of Barnum, *Youth's Companions*, and the like—Oliver became a successful lawyer, but the more he prospered the more time and money he spent on his collection, till one might have wondered whether he was a lawyer who collected or a collector who made law practice a going business. Did his wife object? (Of how many collectors has that been asked?) Barrett knew how to handle that also. He had a "system" when bringing home an armload of books and manuscripts. "He laid them gently and quietly outside the front basement window. Later . . . he would go to the basement and, as casually as you please, bring his new acquisitions upstairs as if from his old basement stock."

With collecting came adventures and personal contacts. He knew Gunther the candy king, owner of a vast and varied collection ("Gunther," it was said, "will buy anything"). From him Barrett got "Auld Lang Syne" in Burns's handwriting, but Gunther got it back. He couldn't sleep nights without it. Then there was Henry C. Folger, of the Standard Oil Company. He had "over fifty first folios" of Shakespeare. Barrett explained: "Folger . . . wanted Shakespeare, I wanted Lincoln. I let him have my Shakespeare and I bought Lincoln items I wanted." Barrett knew also Rosenwald, Chicago humanitarian, "ashamed to have so much money"; Worthington C. Ford, "man of books, delved in documents, . . . craftsman in basic historic materials"; and a farmer named Latham, who, after crop failure, came with a valuable Lincoln manuscript and was told that Barrett would pay $5,000, but that a better price could be had in New York. After breathless bidding at a New York auction, Latham's item was sold for $18,000.

It is a great procession as the documents pass before us: the Lincoln family Bible; arithmetic exercises by the boy Abraham; the earliest specimen of "his hand and pen"; notable letters on affairs of the heart exchanged between the young Springfield lawyer and his bosom friend, Joshua F. Speed; letters between Lincoln and his wife, presenting a well-adjusted and loving pair whose relation was utterly different from the

Carl Sandburg and Oliver Barrett—" . . . 'not intended for solemn duffers and patriotic stuffed shirts.'"

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distorted picture given out by Herndon; Lincoln's final but neglected speech in the 1858 campaign with Douglas (on this one item Sandburg and Barrett wrote a book); an analysis by Lincoln with overtones for our day, refuting the logic of any effort to set up human superiority because of color; a great speech, said to be Lincoln's, delivered in 1858 and published in the *Rail Splitter* in 1860, "one of the great American psalms," Sandburg calls it.

Some, a very few, of the items are rejected by scholars as unauthentic—*e. g.*, a "dug-up" stone allegedly recording Lincoln's engagement to Ann Rutledge—but in general it is remarkable how Barrett avoided the pitfalls of the game. Some of the letters are illiterate. Of them Sandburg writes: "There are those who get their say into a songlike cadence, who shadow forth inevitable scrawls in the timebeat of their conversational narrative voice."

There is humor and playful nonsense, along with much that is portentous, in the book. It is "not intended for solemn duffers and patriotic stuffed shirts." It is good reading throughout, including the last eighty pages, which consist almost entirely of the documents themselves, putting in the reader's own hand the riches of the Barrett Collection.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 335

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 335 will be found in the next issue.

GUBFR JUB QERNZ OL

QNL NER PBTAVMNAG

BS ZNAL GUVATF

JUVPU RFPNCR GUBFR JUB

QERNZ BAYL OL AVTUG.—

R. N. CBR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 334

Progress has been much more general than retrogression.

—CHARLES DARWIN.

Fort Sumter Through Gettysburg

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL: A Military Study of the Civil War. By Kenneth P. Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. Two volumes. 902 pp. $12.50.

By ROY P. BASLER

THE SCOPE of this work is large, the two volumes under consideration being the first half of a four-volume set. As the first two volumes carry the war only from Fort Sumter through Gettysburg and the feeble pursuit and maneuvers in the following autumn on the Virginia front, it is to be assumed that Volumes Three and Four will narrate the western penetration of the Confederacy up to the same time, bring General Grant east to the supreme command of the Union forces, and conclude with the final operations that climaxed at Appomattox. Although Grant is introduced in Chapter One as the general who was found, only a few concluding pages in Volume Two make further reference to him. And although the title of the book is characteristic of the point of view of the work thus far, Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief wrestles with his problems largely in the background, except for those trying months from January 31 to July 11, 1862, when the President and the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, took over command from Major General George B. McClellan—the most pusillanimous commander ever to issue orders to the armies of the U.S.

As a professor of mathematics and an army officer of comprehensive experience, Colonel Williams writes primarily of the "science" of war. Problems of strategy, tactics, and logistics are carefully taken apart and analyzed with a clarity that is pleasing, and even occasionally exciting, to the lay reader. But the smoke of battle and eyewitness accounts of hand-to-hand combat rarely get into his pages. Stimulating though such matter undoubtedly is, the serious reader must come to recognize that Colonel Williams deals with the subtler actions which actually determine the ultimate outcome of any war—the intellectual and moral forces that guide, or fail to guide, the bravery of the soldiers who handle the guns and make the marches. No prior account of the Civil War has more scientifically analyzed the well-known weakness of the Army of the Potomac. As an army it always outnumbered the enemy; in bravery and offensive spirit of its individual soldiers, it was never inferior to a worthy foe, and as the comparative casualty figures consistently prove, was able to outshoot the enemy in nearly every battle; in material it was so far superior as to be the envy of every rebel commander—and yet, failing of a high command worthy of its vigor, the Army of the Potomac was repeatedly ineffectual.

—By H. R. Bishop, from "Jonathan Gentry."

"After the Battle."

Of George B. McClellan, the author leaves scarcely a vestige of military reputation. Theories and opinions of apologists for the handsome and vainglorious general, including his own, are demolished one by one, until the last refuge of apology—that in any event McClellan was a superb organizer—is blasted into rubble. Of the blatant General John Pope, Colonel Williams demonstrates a genuine generalship in the field, and without minimizing Pope's errors, establishes beyond reasonable doubt the view that only his betrayal by McClellan and General Fitz-John Porter brought about his downfall at the Second Battle of Bull Run. Of General Joseph Hooker and General George G. Meade, Colonel Williams's analysis leaves little to question, the narrative of Gettysburg and its aftermath being perhaps the most adequate written to date. Not the least of Colonel Williams's accomplishments is his reduction to human size of the mythical gods of war on the Confederate side. Lee and Jackson are appraised, without diminishing their true greatness, as fallible commanders whose genius, if not boldness, has been too often

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exaggerated by idolatrous historians of the lost cause. Mr. Williams writes, of course, strictly from the Union side, but like a good commander himself, neither overestimates nor underestimates the opposition. One of the most satisfactory accomplishments of this work is the rediscovery of some of the excellent subordinate commanders whose tactics and vigor do much to brighten a dismal story of failure. Such men were General George Bayard and General John Buford, who have up to date been best appreciated by the historian (*e.g.*, G. F. R. Henderson) who studied their opponent Stonewall Jackson.

Of Colonel Williams's method something must be said. Probably no prior student has explored so thoroughly the 128 [*sic*] volumes of the "Official Records," which are the primary sources for study of the war, and possibly no prior student has more thoroughly discounted the innumerable volumes of rationalizing narrative written after the war was over. Certainly no professional historical sniper has leveled his sights with more precision on the errant historians who have failed to return to the sources. Pages of footnotes and several devastating appendices leave large gaps in the ranks of respectable authority. And one suspects that Colonel Williams will welcome honest sharpshooting at his own work when critics have had time requisite to plan an attack.

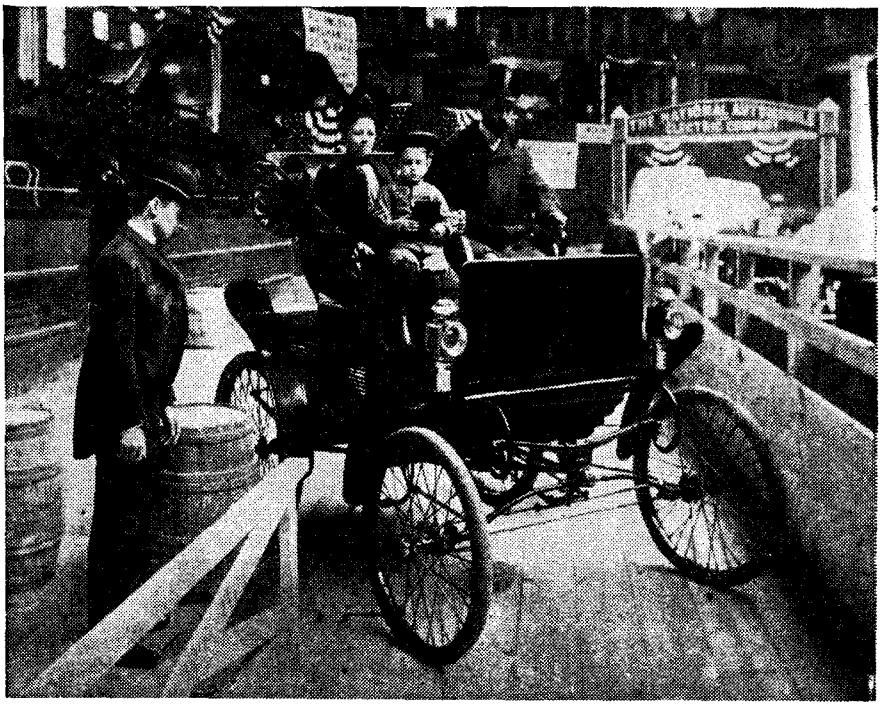
In Colonel Williams's style there is much of the soldier's traditional bluntness, and also an astringency of phrases which clears the mind of quibbling. Of the official Confederate view of war responsibility at Fort Sumter, Colonel Williams observes: "The theory that a hostile act is committed by a man who prepares to defend himself against attack is rather striking." Plain words are used when McClellan is caught in conscious falsehood, and when Meade's later rationalizations fail to square with his orders and reports, the author minces no words.

For sustained analysis and description of war, the book is, in the opinion of the reviewer, military history at its best. Leaving military questions to the military specialist, and viewing Colonel Williams's work solely as historical scholarship, the reviewer doubts whether in comparable space any writer has ever corrected more errors or resolved more conflicting testimony and opinion into something like a definitive narrative.

Roy P. Basler, executive secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, is author of "The Lincoln Legend" and other books.

Three American Magics

Mary Pickford in her perennial role of America's Sweetheart.



—From "Not So Long Ago."

A prospective purchaser takes a "steering test."

NOT SO LONG AGO. By Lloyd Morris. New York: Random House. 504 *pp.* $5.

By Howard Mumford Jones

"NOT SO LONG AGO," the meaningless title of which is tribute to the supposed necessity of luring readers on (consider "Postscript to Yesterday," "Only Yesterday," "Since Yesterday," and others), is a book in three unequal parts. Lloyd Morris, who is one of our better informed popular social historians, in this tripartite volume has "told the story" of three "forms of magic" that have transformed American life. The three magics are the movies, the automobile, and the radio. For some reason I do not understand, radio draws less than 100 pages in contrast to the 200-odd devoted to the movies and an equal allotment to the automobile,

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THE
Universe
OF
G B S
by
William
Irvine

With wit, brilliance, urbanity —and profound knowledge—Mr. Irvine shows Shaw's transition from an underpaid journalist with a passion for reform into the greatest English playwright since Shakespeare.

"By all odds the most thorough blow-by-blow account of Shaw that has yet appeared."
—JOHN MASON BROWN

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television not appearing until the penultimate page of the discussion.

In writing the history of the movies Mr. Morris has not tried to duplicate the work of Lubschez, Talbot, Lindsay, and others, but has tried to synthesize an easy and rapid narrative of technical development and esthetic progress with the economic and social implications of the movie both as entertainment and as commentary. It is unfortunate that Vardac's "Stage to Screen," just being published, was not available to him when he wrote, since this study not only illuminates the transition from the "ten-twent-and-thirt" melodrama to the early motion picture but also throws some light on the identity of audience of the early nickelodeon with that of the stock company.

Mr. Morris's interest is, in the European sense of the word, moral. The first and second parts of his book, which are the most interesting, study the paradox in the history of the movie and the automobile. For the movie began below the social salt, whereas the automobile was at first the possession of the wealthy and the racing group. But time brought in its revenges when Hollywood came to dominate fashion, morals, modes of comfort and of social relationships, whereas the automobile slipped steadily away from the control of the millionaire until today it is everybody's necessity. I do not know whether fatigue overcame Mr. Morris when he faced the vast and intricate problem of the radio, which, beginning at high levels of science, is now, in the form of television, fighting Hollywood for the control of popular entertainment.

Mr. Morris writes amply and well. An underlying irony of style shows that he is not persuaded that these great advances are boons to the human race. "Fordism" is the central theme of his automobile section, and he doesn't like it. He touches somewhat less trenchantly upon the profound changes in manners and morals represented by our highway civilization. Motels and filling stations, for example, interest him much less than Ford's labor policy, on which he is frank. About the labor policy of radio he has little to say.

Mr. Morris's pages are easy to read, they present a great fund of specific information skilfully and persuasively, and if his book lacks a final perfection of form, if it is a little "got up" for the purpose of popular consumption, it can be read with pleasure. It yields a good deal of information. I ought to add that the pictures are adroitly selected and add much to the text.

PEARLS OF PUBLISHING

(*Continued from page* 12)

peans who visited this country during the period 1750-1939 a first-class historian shows his readers the development of a nation and a civilization. One of the really important and most interesting books ever published at the Press.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: In many ways "Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster, is the best novel I've read in years. Humbly written, beautifully understated, dealing with the most commonly sound elements of human nature in a fresh way, imaginative in plot, and (praise be) still quite brief, I can see no reason for its comparatively small sales.

THOMAS J. WILSON,
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Published by us: Because "The Histrionic Mr. Poe," by N. Bryllion Fagin, combines the best in scholarship with a tight and direct style, which is both pleasing and penetrating, because its main theme is of a controversial nature (was Poe a dark and tragic figure or, as is here maintained, an actor playing a part on the world's stage?), and because its publication coincided with the centennial of Poe's death, this is a book which we felt would have a fairly substantial sale among the literary-minded reading public.

Reviews have been numerous and excellent. While the sale has been reassuringly steady since its publication in May, the total response has been less than our own judgment and the published notices had led us to expect.

Published by The Macmillan Co.: Although "Literary History of the United States," edited by Robert E. Spiller and others, is essentially a reference work, these volumes are fascinating reading in their own right. They are particularly useful in tying up the many unconnected ideas and conceptions about American authors which the average person seems to pick up and carry around with him.

HAROLD E. INGLE,
THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS.

Published by us: One of the finest novels in terms of literary merit which we have published in several years is "Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow. It has received a magnificent press all over the country, yet for

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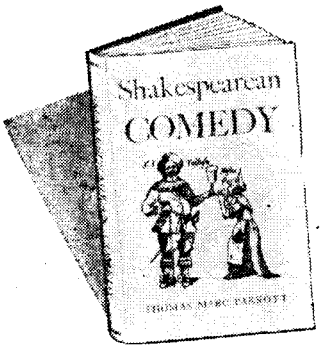

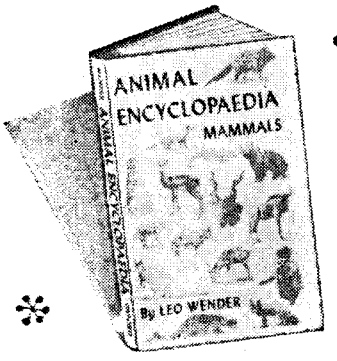

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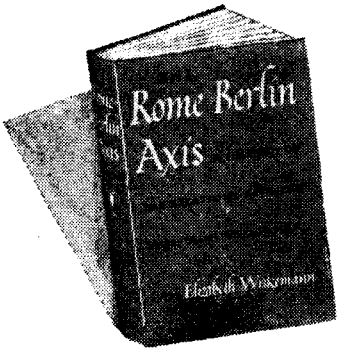

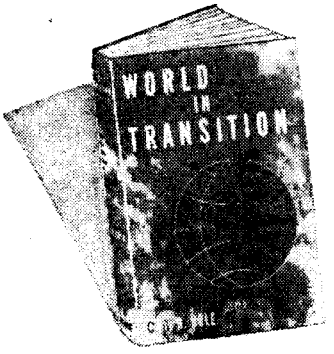

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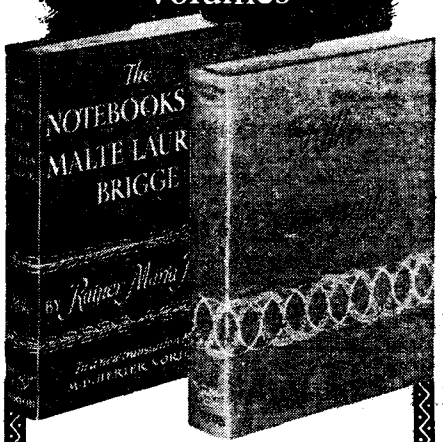

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some unexplained reason it has not achieved the sale we had hoped it would have. But it continues to sell and we believe it will not soon be forgotten.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: "Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster, is a brilliant book on an unusual theme by a young South African author who died before its publication in this country. By its exquisite and perceptive handling of a controversial subject, it seems to me it had a chance for a greater popular success than it received.

H. S. LATHAM,
THE MACMILLAN CO.

Published by us: While "Under the Quiet Water," by Frances Shelley Wees, is not to be considered as a really important work, yet in its kind it has an excellence and a freshness which should have attracted many readers. The reviews were exceptionally good and personal comment from readers unusually favorable. We feel it deserved to be rated high among novels of suspense and character but apparently readers of this type of book have failed to select it.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons: "The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz, gave me more pleasure than any historical novel that I have read since "The World Is Not Enough." It is a stark, somber story, written with great restraint but with a depth of feeling and power that set it apart from most books of its kind. Certainly no more wonderful battle scene has been written by any author since the gorgeous fights in James Stephens's Irish sagas.

EDWARD SHENTON,
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Published by us: In "There's Freedom for the Brave," historian and philosopher Paul McGuire analyzes state Socialism—The Monstrous State—in its effect both on the individual and on the problem of world peace. A challenge to anyone who believes that any authoritarian state, whether Socialistic or Fascist, can be reconciled to the American conception of freedom and democracy.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons: Hope Muntz, in "The Golden Warrior," accomplishes brilliantly what few historical novelists ever achieve in giving a solid framework of human motivations behind the historical event. The characters emerge as human beings in their own right, shaping the destiny of their countries by their characters and personalities. The novel is built around one of the most decisive dates in English history, and the dramatic action rings true, always free of obvious attempts on the part of the author to add color and atmosphere.

THAYER HOBSON,
WILLIAM MORROW & CO.

Published by us: "The Genius of Italy," by Leonardo Olschki, is particularly deserving of a much wider audience than it has so far reached. This book provides for the general reader an extraordinarily clear synthesis of the great cultural achievements of the Italian people and their contributions to Western civilization. It seems to me this is a matter of some importance.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: For those, and there should be many of them, who would like to have a clear view of the place of literature in our lives, "The Theory of Literature," by Rene Wellek and Austin Warren, seems to me indispensable.

PHILIP VAUDRIN,
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, INC.

Published by us: "The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy, sold about 40,000 copies, not counting the edition distributed by the Fiction Book Club. This is a respectable sale until you remember that this novel was given superlative reviews, and that the advertising, promotion, and publicity budgets were higher than normal in publishing economics. The author, a Hungarian whose reputation as a novelist, poet, and playwright is of the top rank in Europe, has made this his masterpiece, urbane and lively, with memorable characters and anecdotes. John Pauker's rare achievement in making a translation of distinguished English prose was commented on by almost every reviewer. In a nation of a hundred and fifty million, surely such a book should sell over a hundred thousand. Why not?

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: If it seems that I am shooting sitting ducks when my second nomination is a Pulitzer Prize winner, "Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens, I grant that this prize is a high honor for any book, and that the judges distinguished themselves this year in it. Of course I don't know the sales figures, but a few mentions on a few

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best-seller lists last June indicate that the popular attention it received was far below its merits. Its subject is important, its characters splendid, and the narration is dramatic and intelligent. It is a book to own, one of the few books of any year which will bear rereading.

MYRON L. BOARDMAN,
PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

Published by us: "Leave It to the People," by Quentin Reynolds, for instance, sold over 10,000 copies, but, to my way of thinking, it should have sold 100,000. Its story of the first days of Israel's independence is one of the most exciting I have ever read—and a glowing reaffirmation of what men can accomplish when faith and hope burn brightly enough in their souls.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons: Not quite as scintillating, perhaps, as Aubrey Menen's first book ("The Prevalence of Witches"), "The Stumbling Stone," his second novel, established the author as no flash in the pan, but a brilliant satirist in the direct tradition of Huxley and Waugh at their best. Menen deserves recognition here!

BENNETT CERF,
RANDOM HOUSE.

Published by us: We published "The Tragic Innocents," by René Barjavel, in early spring with considerable—no, more than that!—enthusiasm. While it was no "flop," it didn't do as well as we hoped and wound up with a net sale of considerably less than 10,000 copies. Hamish Hamilton published it in England and although we haven't heard from Jimmy Hamilton recently I gathered that their results were about the same. Now, here was a book that, under its original title, "Tarendol," had been almost sensational in France and several other countries, the names of which I now forget, to which we gave every chance for success and which didn't live up to our expectations. Maybe it was the title, maybe it was the word "Tragic." Don't ask me, I really don't know.

Published by Farrar, Straus & Co.: I thought "The Last of the Conquerors," by William Gardner Smith, was not only remarkable as a first novel but an intensely effective plea for racial tolerance. What Farrar, Straus sold of this book I haven't the slightest idea. Certainly the book clubs didn't touch it and to the best of my recollection it never appeared on the

No one person could possibly have written this book!

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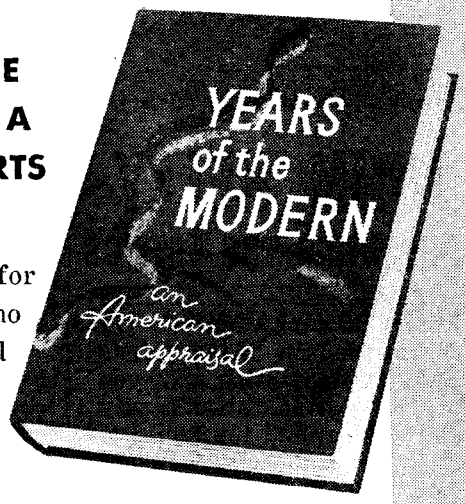

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And **RICHARD MATCH,** [*3*] who thinks the author has played a private joke on the book reviewers, hopes "one of Mr. Kelly's friends will undertake to produce a "key" in the manner of the well-known keys to 'Finnegans Wake'."

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3. *New York Herald Tribune*

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best-seller lists. It had its weaknesses, I will grant you. Perhaps an overdosage of emotionalism toward the end but, on the whole, I thought it was as good in its way as any of the better known and more popular war novels. Mind you, I am not carrying the torch for "The Last of the Conquerors." I just think it is a good, creditable first novel with a large slug of promise for Smith's future.

FREDERICK R. RINEHART,
RINEHART & CO. INC.

Published by us: "The Bending Cross," by Raymond Ginger, is a book which most of the reviewers called one of the best biographies of the year, and, moreover, in the light of present-day labor problems, a book on Debs seems peculiarly appropriate. Yet other than book-club distribution by the Book Find Club, this book has not sold nearly as well as it should and leaves its publisher somewhat dismayed and discouraged.

HOWARD N. MUNGER, JR.,
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Published by us: "The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz, has been pretty generally accepted as one of the most distinguished novels published during 1949. Several of the outstanding reviewers have singled it out as their favorite novel for the year, and, as readers may remember, it was mentioned several times in *The Saturday Review* poll. The book got an excellent press and we have given it a fair amount of advertising. To date the sale is by no means a flop (about 15,000 copies) and the book continues to sell steadily from week to week. However, for such a fine piece of work I do not feel that it has had the distribution it deserves.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf: "The Heat of the Day," by Elizabeth Bowen, a sensitive and extremely well-written novel, did enjoy the advantages of a Literary Guild distribution, but I do not believe it had as large a general trade sale as it deserved.

NORMAN H. SNOW,
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Published by us: Though "Day Without End," by Van Van Praag, received an exceptionally discerning and enthusiastic press over the entire country, it has not achieved anywhere near the readership which it deserves to have. In intensity, power, impact, and sustained narrative motion, it is one of the few really good books about the war which I have read. Perhaps its subject matter—the experience of combat—makes a good many readers cautious about it. Whatever the reason, it seems unfortunate to me that a book as fine as this one should not have a wider audience.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: Though technically "Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens, is a 1948 title, it is a book about which during the current year I have felt the most strongly. Not only is it one of the greatest war novels I have read, but it is probably one of the few really totally first-rate novels which America has produced. Reading it has caused me to believe that Mr. Cozzens is perhaps the major living American novelist and, if the sales reports which I have heard are correct, the book has not had as much as 10 per cent of the readership it deserves. It is not a book for the immature, the childish, or the lazy reader, but it comes close to greatness and deserves for years and years to come a greatly expanded audience.

WILLIAM SLOANE,
WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOC.

Published by us: "The American Spirit in Europe," by Halvdan Koht, a study of the influence of the United States on Europe over a period of 150 years has been widely and favorably reviewed. It has had a fair sale, which will probably continue for some time. But it has not proved as successful as we had hoped—probably because the subject is so general.

PHELPS SOULE,
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS.

Published by us: "Mask of Glory," by Dan Levin. The last year in the life of a nineteen-year-old Marine from the time he leaves his family in the Cleveland railroad station until he dies on a small island in the Pacific. . . . Semi-poetic prose, excellent battle scenes, fine background description of life in large American city for Polish immigrant family, fighting men in novel are real and human and complex (not the usual cynical, hard-boiled, over-sexed GI's). Well reviewed, respectable sales but not what it deserved. We feel that Levin is a mature, well-balanced, serious, and immensely talented first novelist who will eventually and certainly earn himself a fine reputation.

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: "The Willow Cabin," by Pamela Frankau, is one of the finest novels I have read in a long time. The writing itself should stand as an example for young novelists, and the characters come alive in a fashion that very few novelists have been

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able to achieve. There is little or no sensationalism, no extreme exaggeration or histrionics; yet the story and the people have stayed with me very clearly since I read it.

W. E. LARNED,
WHITTLESEY HOUSE.

Published by us: I think "Israel: A History of the Jewish People," by Rufus Learsi, deserved more attention than it received. Though it is in its second printing (published in March) and while it received many fine reviews, it did not get the "overall impact" it merited. "Israel" is a scholarly, herculean work—the result of many years of research and painstaking writing. It is warm, moving, eminently readable; in it is compressed the 4,000-year epic of the Jewish people—from Biblical days up to the present moment. Critics have called it stirring, colorful, vigorous,—the definitive work in its field.

Published by Farrar, Straus & Co.: "The Lottery," by Shirley Jackson, is one of the finest books I've read in the past year. In her stories we have more than story-telling; we find a keen social perception, a fine and sensitive understanding of human beings. While the critics received it warmly, the book, I think, did not secure the large audience it deserved.

WILLIAM TARG,
THE WORLD PUBLISHING CO.

Published by us: "Napoleon, For and Against," by Pieter Geyl, one of the great historical minds of our time, provides a wholly new approach to the riddle of Napoleon and his time. Conceived at Buchenwald and completed after the author's release, it was published in this country last May and received substantial and wide critical acclaim. Yet its sales to date remain less than 1,000 copies and word of mouth is spreading very slowly indeed. Perhaps it suffered from the traditional lethargy of book sales in May and the summer months. But whatever the reason, we believe that one of the best books published by Yale in recent years has not had the attention which it may deserve.

Published by others: We can't seem to agree on a second selection. Here are three personal preferences we have discussed: "Victor's Justice," by Montgomery Belgion (Henry Regnery); "Cream Hill," by Lewis Gannett (Viking), and "The Vital Center," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin).

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Offices in 96 Cities

WE MAY be grateful to Donald Smalley for having prepared a scholarly edition of Frances Trollope's notorious "Domestic Manners of the Americans," and to Alfred Knopf for having made this edition into a handsome book ($5), cleanly printed on generous pages, and illustrated by the lithographs of Auguste Hervieu, Mrs. Trollope's companion during her American adventure. I have read "Domestic Manners" with enjoyment more than once, but never with such visual satisfaction or in such good editorial company. Mr. Smalley has written an introduction which tells the story of Mrs. Trollope's unhappy experiences in this country—including her little-known contribution to the attractions of Cincinnati's Western Museum—and her subsequent career as a successful author. Using the text of the first edition, 1832, he has furnished it liberally but not superfluously with explanatory notes; he has also printed as notes excerpts from Mrs. Trollope's notebooks and rough draft, and has appended further selections from these same original sources, which were purchased from the author's great-granddaughter by Indiana University, with a view to this edition. A description of these documents, a note on the text, Mrs. Trollope's preface to the fifth edition, and a valuable bibliography, complete a volume that promises strongly to resist supersession.

The rage evoked by "Domestic Manners" has long since subsided, but the impression lingers in some quarters that Mrs. Trollope exaggerated and invented—or was, perhaps, over-squeamish. As regards these ideas, two points should be remembered. In the first place, Mrs. Trollope entered the United States through the back door, spent most of her time in "Western America," and formed her impressions largely in a pioneer city which stood where an "aboriginal forest" had been but thirty years before. She had only to travel as far east as Hagerstown to remark a pleasant improvement in manners and customs. She found words of praise for Baltimore and Philadelphia; New York impressed her as "a lovely and noble city," with a society "which would be deemed delightful any where," and she was finally moved to admit that, although "the patrician class of Americans" was deplorably small, "an American gentleman and his family know how to do the honours of their country to strangers of every nation, as well as any people on earth." The second point to be remembered is that Mrs. Trollope was writing as an avowed political partisan. Mr. Smalley says that the Tories of 1832 snatched at her book as ammunition against reform. Well they might, for she had designed it for just that purpose. The idea that men are born free and equal was to her a black beast. Her preface said that she meant to show the effects of the American political system on American "principles, tastes, and manners," and "to shew how greatly the advantage is on the side of those who are governed by the few, instead of the many." Her book ends with the prophecy that, if Americans once admit refinement to their midst, "then we shall say farewell to American equality, and welcome to European fellowship one of the finest countries on the earth." She was defending an old system against a new. (A similar book might be written today by an American conservative reporting on Socialist Britain.) She was a strong partisan, but, as Mark Twain testified, she saw clearly and held fast to truth.

* * *

Philip K. Hitti's "History of the Arabs" (Macmillan, $9) is the best book in its field, and for those who balk at its bulk there is "The Arabs" (Princeton, $3) by the same author.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

Prelude in Denmark

By Mary Ballard Duryee

HOLD this day against darkness
And the wheel relentlessly turning;
Remember its clarity—
Sky and earth begotten—
With the frosty carpet of dawn
Over the northern orchards.

The child Ophelia lies in porcelain sleep,
Her pillow still unfevered by confusion,
And through the woods,
Whistling, dog at heel,
Young Hamlet strides—
Bringing a golden pheasant for his father.

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THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 19*)

Vivid pictures are drawn of the effect of revolutionary ideas loosed in the villages. We learn how the lives of all were changed by the land reform, the spread of teaching and new thought, the successes of cooperatives and an "increase production" movement, and the transfer of political power from the landlord class to the peasantry.

The author was in Manchuria during the civil war and she reports that the Russians gave no direct aid to Mao's followers. In her opinion the Soviet treaty with Chiang Kai-shek proved highly disadvantageous to the Chinese Communists. Yet she seems to go out of her way to defend Moscow's right to recovery of the old Czarist concessions in Manchuria. In fact she makes no criticisms of the Kremlin in China or anywhere else, not even in the case of Anna Louise Strong. For a "notorious American spy" she reveals remarkably little about the Soviet Union of value to its enemies.

All things considered, this is a useful book to own. For anyone who admires the Chinese Communists as much as Miss Strong does, however, it ought to be obligatory not to repeat the orthographic errors of *The New York Times*. It is just as wrong to spell Mao Tse-tung's name "Tze-tung" as it is to write Molotoff for Molotov, or Tluman for Truman.

Edgar Snow is author of "Red Star Over China" and other books.

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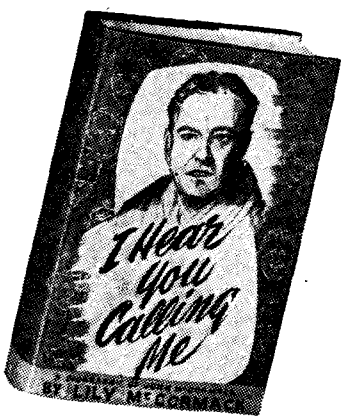

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A State of Welfare

SWEDEN: MODEL FOR A WORLD. By Hudson Strode. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 371 pp. $5.

By Henry Goddard Leach

IN THIS volume Hudson Strode coalesces his observations in two visits to the Nordic paradise—before the war in 1939 and after the war in 1946. The book is not burdened with statistics or quotations; for every opinion, whether it be on a painting by Josephson or a glass goblet of Orrefors or a dinner of crayfish, is the author's own.

The reader realizes that quality rather than quantity is characteristic of the Swede. "In this nation unsurpassed in deliberate social planning." Mr. Strode writes, "with a Labor Government in dominance for a quarter of a century, the salt of distinction still has savor." The reader feels that Sweden is not so much a welfare state as a state of welfare. Mr. Strode need not have quoted Walter Lippmann to explain Sweden's neutrality in foreign affairs, for the author himself convincingly demonstrates the value to our planet of the neutrality of a once warlike and now well-armed people on the border of the Soviet Union. Unmolested for 10,000 years, the Swedes have developed a civilization that is indeed a model for mankind.

Chapters describing the psychology of the more romantic provinces of Sweden are punctuated with reviews of its history, industry, and modern social progress. In visiting a Swedish munitions factory Mr. Strode observes the slow pace of the workingmen compared with the haste of Americans. They seemed to be daydreaming half the time about the musical evenings awaiting them in their streamlined villas. But they know just when to press the right button, and their

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A LITERARY SONG-FEST

Ruth H. Leach, of Valle Crucis, N. C., invites you to warble your way through this quiz, matching quotations with authors. Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 42.

1. All the birds of heaven may sing.	( ) Barnard
2. And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise, I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.	( ) Burdette
3. Arms and the man I sing.	( ) Calverley
4. Everyone suddenly burst out singing.	( ) Coleridge
5. I cannot sing the old songs.	( ) Dryden
6. I cannot sing the old songs— I do not know the words!	( ) Gilbert
7. I cannot sing the old songs now.	( ) Herrick
8. I have a song to sing, O!	( ) John of Fornsete
9. I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear.	( ) Kaufman
10. I sing and ever shall Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.	( ) Lovelace
11. I with thriller throat will sing The sweetness, mercy, majesty, And glories of my king.	( ) Milton
12. In vain we tune our lifeless songs, In vain we strive to rise.	( ) Mother Goose
13. It was an Abyssinian maid, And on her dulcimer she played, Singing of Mount Abora.	( ) Prior
14. Lhude sing, cuccu!	( ) Sassoon
15. O, stay and hear; your true love's coming That can sing both high and low.	( ) Shakespeare
16. Of thee I sing.	( ) Smith
17. Of thee I sing, baby!	( ) Swinburne
18. Sing, Heavenly Muse!	( ) Tennyson
19. Sing, sing, what shall I sing?	( ) Watts
20. Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth, and vineyard, hive and horses and herd.	( ) Whitman

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production is amazing even by American standards.

The housing problem in industrial Sweden is less acute than in industrial America. This is largely due to the cooperative housing societies which enable a man to buy an apartment or build a bungalow on a mortgage as large as 90 per cent of its cost. These cooperative societies are financed by loans at 3 per cent from the municipalities or the State. Loss on the real-estate operations is almost nil.

Mr. Strode is a university professor as well as an author, and his imagination does not run riot with the truth. When he does use statistics they are dramatic. We learn, for example, that an appendectomy for a ward patient costs only five dollars. In 1945 infant mortality in Sweden was 26.3 per one thousand births, in the United States "thirty-eight infants out of 1,000 did not survive." Mr. Strode seems to support the assertion of other writers that Sweden and the United States lead the nations in health. In the Olympic Games the United States is often first, Sweden second, but Sweden is much the smaller nation.

Of course one may disagree with some of the author's judgments. He interrupts the account of his two visits to Selma Lagerlöf's province of Värmland with the remark that "Strindberg is, of course, infinitely the greater artist." In the future it may be that Miss Lagerlöf will be deemed the greater artist and Strindberg the better psychologist. Mr. Strode's style occasionally becomes flamboyant, as when he writes, "As the songs of the beloved wastrel Bellman turned the traffic of sailor's dives into a roseate reign of enchantment, so, in her stories, Selma Lagerlöf cast such glamour over the provinces of Värmland that today travelers often remark the region with the author's eyes as much as their own."

His more poetical paragraphs suggest the rhythm of the Psalms of David. His justified enthusiasm does occasionally lead to hyperbole; in a chapter on history he uses the word great three times on each of two consecutive pages.

One of the most unusual chapters in this book on Sweden is the one describing the castles of the province of Skäne. It is seldom the privilege of an American to visit these sixteenth-century manorial halls, although, on occasion, their botanic gardens are open to the public. Some of these sequestered castles still dominate thousands of acres of farms and forests. It is not easy nowadays for a noble owner to maintain such a vast estate in these times of semi-Socialism, which exact huge taxes to keep up the army and governmental establishments for health and social insurance. It is not the arm-chair job that it seems to have been in the Middle Ages; but by diligent study of scientific agriculture, by working nights as well as days, twenty of these princely domains, with their museums, moats, and medieval towers, their forest preserves and exotic gardens are still intact, thanks to the responsibility of the gentlemen and ladies who have inherited them from long generations of noble ancestors.

To these gentry it seems a public duty to preserve the best heritage of the Middle Ages. "The sale price of butter and grain," writes Mr. Strode, "is of more significance to the estate than the espaliered pears, the crested wine glasses, the pheasants, and the liveried footmen."

The imagery and fidelity of Hudson Strode's account of one of the world's most civilized nations make this a book highly to be recommended to all readers. It is, indeed, a grand book.

Henry Goddard Leach, president of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, formerly edited Forum Magazine.

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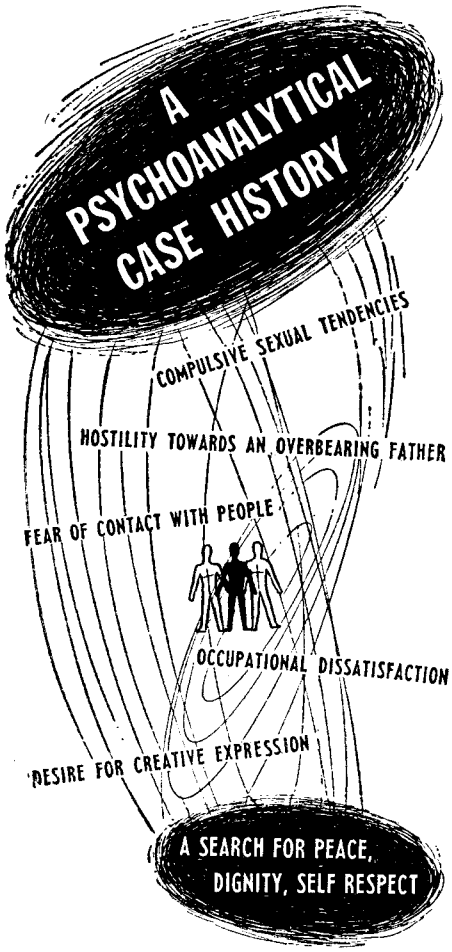
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In the Image of One World

THE TASK OF NATIONS. By Herbert V. Evatt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 279 pp. $3.

By August Heckscher

HERBERT V. EVATT, of Australia, has been recognized as among the most sturdy and resolute champions of the United Nations, an indomitable fighter, a remorseless idealist, a cheerful presence. Since he led the struggle at San Francisco against the extreme forms of the veto, he has been a spokesman for the smaller and middle nations, emphasizing justice as opposed to power. In "The Task of Nations" he gives his own account of the battles and accomplishments of the years since 1945. The book is like the man, immensely forthright, and frequently a little naive.

This account takes its departure from the third session of the General Assembly, held in the Palais de Chaillot in Paris in the autumn of 1948. The United Nations was then perhaps at an ebb in its prestige and influence. The peace of the world seemed more strained than at any time since the end of the war; the Berlin crisis was at its height. If the tension and the danger decreased thereafter, the United Nations can hardly claim the chief credit; yet it may well be that in those weeks of discussion a new and more hopeful spirit was born. For Mr. Evatt, in any case, this third session affords a vantage point from which he can survey the problems that have preoccupied the international organization during its stormy infancy and first youth.

Those problems have certainly been complex and diverse. Azerbaijan, Indonesia, Palestine, Greece, Berlin—the geographic names by themselves tell a vivid story; while beyond these lie the range of ever-present and more or less insoluble issues of welfare, human rights, atomic energy, genocide, and the rest. Mr. Evatt never doubts but that in each of these the United Nations has been an active and beneficent force. The Declaration of Human Rights he terms, indeed, "a landmark in world history, comparable to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights in the history of the British Commonwealth." In other cases he makes more modest claims. The Council in the Iranian dispute helped to bring the two parties together and to keep the situation under observation. In Kashmir and Greece the U. N. services of observation and mediation were crucial. With regard to Israel, the U. N. gave a solution based on an impartial assessment of the facts of the situation—though, unfortunately, the author adds, some countries failed to observe the decision.

To keep discussion going, to maintain negotiation, to encourage compromise and adjustment—these may not seem like the heroic victories which some supporters of the U. N. expected. But to Mr. Evatt they are by no means insignificant. He is himself trained in the parliamentary tradition, and he is convinced that the same methods which were so largely successful in avoiding revolution and violence within society will overcome war in the international order. His faith in reason, in fair play, in tolerance, in the ultimate triumph of truth over error, inform every page of his book.

Even the monstrous fact of Russia does not shatter this faith. A letter sent by Winston Churchill to Stalin in 1945 gives the key to his own attitude. "There has grown up through the English-speaking world," Mr. Churchill had written, "a very warm, deep desire to be friends on equal and honorable terms with the mighty Russian, Soviet Republic, making allowances for our different systems and thought and government in long and bright years for all the world." Despite the disappointments which such hopes have suffered, Mr. Evatt continues to believe that through the United Nations they may ultimately be realized. He keeps the image of one world, and the optimism of a man of sanguine and generous disposition. His message is heartening, as well as instructive, as the fourth session tackles its tasks.

August Heckscher is an editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Swinburne: "A Child's Laughter." 2. Prior: "An Ode." 3. Dryden: "Translation of Virgil's 'Aeneid.'" 4. Sassoon: "Everyone Sang." 5. Barnard: "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs." 6. Burdette: "Songs Without Words." 7. Calverley: "Changed." 8. Gilbert: "Yeomen of the Guard." 9. Whitman: "I Hear America Singing." 10. Herrick: "The Argument of His Book." 11. Lovelace: "To Althea from Prison." 12. Watts, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove." 13. Coleridge: "Kubla Khan." 14. John of Fornsete: "Summer Is Icumen In." 15. Shakespeare: "O Mistress Mine." 16. Smith: "America." 17. Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin: "Of Thee I Sing." 18. Milton: "Paradise Lost." 19. Mother Goose. 20. Tennyson: "To Virgil."

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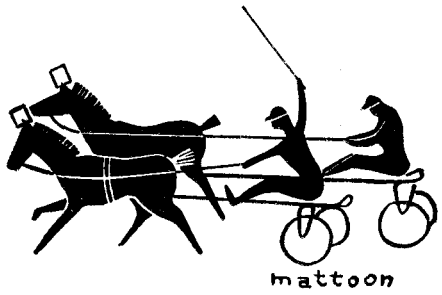
FICTION

(Continued from page 21)

and witty if you close your eyes, but, if you open them, is filled with irritating errors and attitudes and incoherencies; characterized by fuzziness of intention and the distraction of two voices speaking at once; the voice of a witty but supercilious recent Oxford graduate; the voice of an older man made grave and compassionate by loss and change and war.

Perhaps it is the presence of compassion that has so amazed and delighted the critics. And if this is so, it is well. They may even begin to cultivate this necessary virtue themselves. Compassion has been almost totally lacking from American novels for at least three decades. It is traditionally present in English novels, but up to the present in a very especial English way. The Englishman is habitually compassionate, but in an aloof, well-bred, Aristotelian fashion. He is taught to admit the common humanity of everyone, however inferior and unattractive, and to say so, but until now he has not asked the inferior and unattractive in to



tea. In "The Last Enchantments" just this is done, and so in this respect, at least, Mr. Liddell's latest novel is startlingly original and marks a new departure. But if this is so, it is more of a social and historical phenomenon than a literary one.

And yet, once again I am puzzled. "The Last Enchantments" may be a literary phenomenon. Very possibly it contains elements of greatness. There is no other novel I know of where the author, aloofly refusing to grant his main character a modicum of good sense or charm, none the less slowly but surely creates an atmosphere of pity and compunction because that character is a human being. This is a literary miracle and very especially a Christian one in a world that has steadfastly evaded the essence of its faith.

Soviet Phenomena

ALL HOPE ABANDON. By Irene Odoevzev. New York: Pantheon Books. 281 pp. $3.

By Robert Pick

ANDREI LUGANOV, born into an upper-class family in pre-Revolutionary Russia, wakes one morning to find himself famous. From that moment on his fame as a poet never pales. It survives his self-exile during the early years of the Soviet regime. Returning to his native country, Luganov almost at once enters that pampered circle of writers and artists whose privileged status has been the object of so much controversy in other countries throughout the whole lifetime of the Soviet Union.

Mlle. Odoevzev—an apparently very well-informed Russian emigrée writing in French—has not been frightened by the well-known difficulties involved in presenting a fictional man of artistic genius. Though her hero never reaches full credibility, there is a certain sensitivity about him that makes his profession believable enough for the author's purpose. The foolishness that brings

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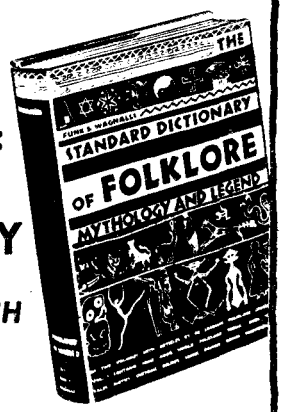

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—of the ten cleverest men and the ten most beautiful women in London, where he tied Maynard Keynes in solving riddles—and where "Aldous Huxley might have come in a better third had not righteous indignation, provoked by the imbecility of the conundrums, in some measure balked the stride of his lofty intellect."—*Clive Bell*

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about Luganov's undoing marks him as a man of whims, a dreamer rather than a thinker. At an informal dinner party in a Moscow restaurant, Luganov is imprudent enough to recite—out of a blue sky—an epigram about Stalin. The inevitable follows.

The action of Mlle. Odoevzev's novel is, from that fatal episode on, split into three different fields of development. First, she shows Luganov's awakening to the realities of Soviet life; for up to that hour he was permitted "to live without knowing the . . . permanent fear which [is] the lot of the entire country"—a member of the "only group which the iron discipline of the Party did not concern." Secondly, the author tells the moving story of Luganov's young wife, the ballet dancer Vera, who betrays her imprisoned husband under the first threat of duress, and under duress becomes a tool of the very forces that have destroyed her life.

And finally we are shown the moral corruption on the highest echelons of power through Volkov, Luganov's childhood friend who delivers him to the executioner.

The talks between the two men occupy a great deal of space in the book. They contain much that has been said about the Kremlin many times before. Some of it reads like an eloquent sermon, and in fact touches, if timidly, on religious problems. But other passages are downright startling, and open new vistas on the psychology of Soviet life. After confessing to his doomed friend his own disillusionment with the regime, Volkov says this:

> You will ask me why I do not give up, break with the past, drop everything. . . . On me too there is much innocent blood. How many people have I not sent to death in the name of an idea! And I was convinced I was right. What would I be if I should repudiate that? . . . I should be a butcher, an assassin. . . . I shall honestly serve the Party and the Great Man . . .

The ending of the book is rather sentimental; it describes the immortality of Luganov's poetry on the one hand, and Volkov's remorse, leading to virtual suicide, on the other. Mlle. Odoevzev's story is far from being a successful novel. Characterization and plot are frequently delayed or even as good as abandoned for the sake of conveying the author's ideas.

Yet this is a readable book. It has moments of suspense, some dramatically constructed scenes, and—above all—it makes a sincere attempt to probe beneath the surface of Soviet phenomena.

Fiction Notes

TOURNAMENT, by Shelby Foote. Dial. $3. Hugh Bart came to the Delta country around Lake Jordan, Mississippi, with little in assets other than his shooting ability, and a driving ambition. It wasn't long before he was sheriff of Issawamba County; and when he was approached with the possibility of becoming owner of Solitaire, the county's prize plantation, he was gambler enough to take over a mortgage of $96,000 for a plantation five miles square in the richest cotton-growing section in the United States, despite the fact that it was 1887 and the price of cotton was ten cents.

The rise from poor farm boy to plantation squire in an area which held most tenaciously to the traditions of the Cavalier South could only have been accomplished by such a man as Hugh. After he had paid his mortgage on his plantation by the assiduous use of convict labor, and by the loaning of money, Bart acquired his most necessary of possessions, Florence Jameson, former chatelaine of Solitaire, and daughter of Brigidier General Clive Jameson. She became known simply as "Miz Bart," and she never called her husband by his first name.

Shelby Foote is a product of the Mississippi Delta, of which he writes with a knowing perspective. His hero's rise is no more spectacular than is his fall sudden, but Mr. Foote has not stacked his cards. He has drawn a character bigger than life in Hugh Bart, and has given him dramatic situations (a Delta flood, several shooting contests) which fit his character.

The story is told by Asa Bart, grandson of Hugh, as he searches for his roots which lie in the shadow of his grandfather's life. His remembrances serve as touchstones for pleasant exposition, linked-together stories which make a picture of life and people in that period in the partially reconstructed Southland from the 1880's until the First World War. This is no glorification of the South that was, but more a felicitous insight into the mores and manners, the out-of-step code of a period and of a place unique in the history of America.

—FREDERICK RUTLEDGE SMITH, JR.

A MOCKINGBIRD SANG AT CHICKAMAUGA, by Alfred Leland Crabb. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75. From the moment that Lieutenant Beasley Nichol is sent upon his mission of spying upon the Federals behind the lines in Chattanooga to the hours of bloody

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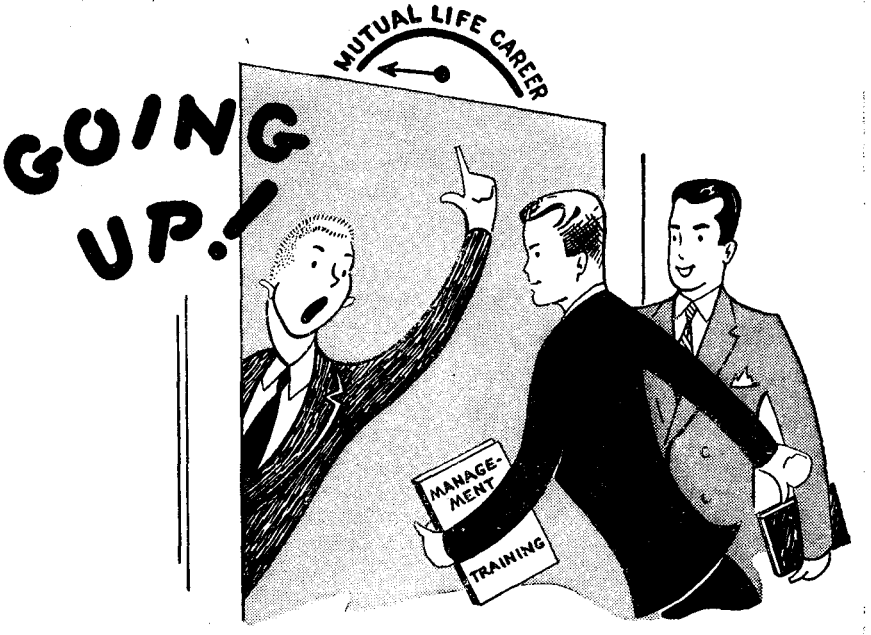
fighting in which he participates in the Battle of Chickamauga, Mr. Crabb crams his pages with the stuff of martial action. If he pauses occasionally for an interlude of love or humor, it is only, as it were, to prime his gun of war-narrative again. This is not to say that his literary arsenal is otherwise bare; for he is also, for the most part, adept in forging characters plausible enough to bear the burden of the lickety-split pace he imposes upon them. Mr. Crabb does well with his hero's commander, the shrewd, earthly General Bedford Forrest; Nichol's companions in intrigue, Captain Hume Crockett and Sergeant Goforth, and a host of other minor personages. Curiously, it is in the beauteous Hunter Cragwell, our lieutenant's sweetheart ("A right high-falutin' name," remarks General Forrest), that the author stumbles badly, fabricating for her a love-heaven role that is as mawkish as it was intended to be sublime. Mr. Crabb writes simply, easily, and with color; and his humor and wit, wherever he intends them, are usually successful.

—Benjamin Fagan.

CHESAPEAKE CAVALIER, by Don Tracy. Dial. $3. In this novel Don Tracy deals with a part of the history of America that, oddly enough, considering the dramatic material inherent in the period, remains more or less virgin literary territory: the struggle between the Catholic Lord Baltimore and the Protestant Virginia Cavaliers for Kent Island in the Chesapeake. Mr. Tracy grafts upon this historical framework the story of Dale Morley, who, starting life in Jamestown as an indentured servant, works his way up to the position of lieutenant to Captain William Claiborne, whose dream it was to unite and rule what are today the states of Maryland and Delaware. Claiborne failed —but magnificently. Having done his conscientious duty to his captain, Dale Morley, younger and more resilient, resigns himself to the new dispensation under the Calverts. The research that went into the writing of "Chesapeake Cavalier" must have been enormous; but too frequently the odor of the novelist's exploration in the library still lingers upon the pages of his book. Although the story is interesting enough, with affairs of the heart and the flesh dealt out lavishly, Mr. Tracy performs no more than a journeyman's job. —B. F.

CLOAK OF FOLLY, by Burke Boyce. Harper. $3. Burke Boyce engages not only our interest but our respect from the very beginning, when he introduces us to his protagonist, Ed-



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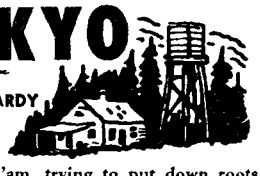

By MARTHA HARDY
Author of
TATOOSH

A spinster schoolma'am, trying to put down roots in the sparse soil of the upper Cowlitz, found herself a-feudin' with a mountain. But she lived to tell her whimsical, appealing story, in spite of loggers, prowlers, wood rats, "hants," a good-looking guy with red hair, thunder, lightning, and tourists. Drawings by the author 3.00

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ward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, then only twelve, and riding into London to become an orphan of Queen Elizabeth. We sense that here is a writer who is about to display a Merlin-like magic in his re-creation of a world that is almost 400 years gone now; and, except for minor lapses now and then, he rarely betrays our confidence. To take a character like Oxford, who is a pluralistic personage ("soldier, lover, courtier, wit, actor, and writer") and always subtle and complex—to take such a man, I say, and make him ring always true and real, is a no mean feat. But Mr. Boyce's wizardry brings into radiance a whole character-galaxy, shedding perhaps only a little less luster than the sun that is Oxford: Queen Elizabeth, her legendary Privy Council, Raleigh, Drake, Essex, and the women involved in Oxford's feverish life.

Whether it is a play of the times Mr. Boyce is describing or a duel or an execution or the fight with the Spanish Armada, the event leaps like a sodium-flare into a zone of light and glow. He has a gift for unhackneyed language, which, as he calls upon it to do service, can be pungent or poetic or profound. And the story itself, dealing with the mercurial Oxford's miseries and splendors, parceled out to him by the Virgin Queen, continually runs with a tingling, urgent swiftness. This book makes lively and lusty reading, with a literary flavor. Mr. Boyce can be proud of "Cloak of Folly."

—B. F.

VITTORIA COTTAGE, by D. E. Stevenson. Rinehart. $2.75. And now Mrs. Stevenson, whose optimism is, apparently, not alone incurable but prolific as well, gives us another young widow. This one, not quite so young, if I remember correctly, as her immediate predecessor (Mrs. Savage), has marriageable children—but she, herself, is not past, as they say in the soap operas, finding romance in middle life.

The jacket of the book speaks of the "sea of troubles" through which Caroline Dering keeps for her children a "steady guiding hand." I'd say that, viewed broadly, it is more like a cup of troubles. Leda, her older daughter, of all the pleasant people in this pleasant book certainly one of the least endearing, falls in love with the unreliable son of a local squire. In the rural English village in which they live, the progress of their engagement is the subject of widespread interest, as is Mrs. Dering's friendship with the attractive newcomer to the village, a man with a sad background and the name of Robert Shepperton. How it all works out you can, if you are familiar with the smooth, cheerful quality of Mrs. Stevenson's books, pretty well imagine. The most engaging character is the romanticist Comfort Podbury, that tremendous, plodding, devoted girl who helps out with housework in Vittoria Cottage—the daughter of an old, large village family, who lost her betrothed because, in his absence, she grew too fat.

This little novel, unlike the author's last, is not distinguished by any peculiar or astonishing insight or by any of the lovely descriptive passages I remember enjoying throughout the story of Mrs. Savage. It runs, like its predecessor, smoothly along, and enjoys life and happy people in much the same way; but it lacks the vitality, the vigor of characterization, the neat, sharp definition which would have made it noteworthy.

—Nancy Groberg Chaikin.

BORN STRANGERS, by Helen Topping Miller. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. This is the story of the Riggses and the Wixoms, two pioneer American families: people of the times of the Gold Rush and the Civil War, frontier people, three generations of them. Through the lives of Frederic Riggs and Isaac Wixom, their children, and their grandchildren, Miss Miller attempts to give us a picture of early American life and people. The book is what her publishers call "good Americana." It is of a species we all know—with a genealogical chart on the first page, a device which always indicates a fictional hotbed of relatives of whom no one can keep track.

Miss Miller's chart, though not a complicated one, scared me silly when I saw it. A little more attention to character portrayal, a little more warmth, vitality, individuality, among her numerous characters would have rendered that somewhat stuffy little device unnecessary. What Miss Miller's publishers salute as a novel which "touches the heartstrings" leaves me unmoved and just a little overcome with keeping track of its people.

—N. G. C.

WEST OF HILL, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Macmillan. $3. Gladys Hasty Carroll's new book is a warm-hearted and wholesome novel about Maine fisher and farmer folk in the 1880's. It is also a thinly disguised tract on true religion, Christian tolerance, and brotherly love. When orphaned Molly Dennis escapes the poverty and fear and loneliness of her life in her uncle's house by marrying Brad Hartwell and moving into the little village west of the great hill which shut off the gray coast from the inland farms, she finds

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a security and happiness she never dreamed existed. Her generous sharing of her own happiness and her childlike acceptance and practice of the simple creed of loving one's neighbor as one's self spreads its unconscious influence through the whole community. Mrs. Carroll writes with loving and sympathetic detail of the small and great events of Molly's new life, and of the hard-working, vigorous, sometimes bigoted but essentially kindly folk whom she comes to know so well. But I could not help but find the book's continual sermonizing, and its pervading atmosphere of sweetness and light, a bit oppressive.

> I love to look upon the evening skies
> And moralize. . . .

remarks one of the Victorian poets (if I am not misquoting) and in this parallel I found myself wishing that Mrs. Carroll had confined herself to showing us the horizon of Christian charity and loving kindness without such explicit moralizing.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

THE BRIDGE, by Marguerite Allis. Putnam's. $3. This is a novel about industrial rivalries and industrial change, set about a hundred years ago when the railroad first challenged the steamboat's grip on freight transportation. When the New York and Boston Railroad first planned to build a direct line through Middletown and across the Connecticut River, the fight burst into flame. A railroad bridge across the Connecticut would hobble steamboat traffic, perhaps cripple it. Middletown became the center of a furious struggle between railroad and shipping men, and the Lords, a Connecticut family dominant in financial circles, had representatives on both sides of the fight. There were Lord chips down on either side, brother fought brother, and it took a love affair between two of the later generation to draw these Montagues and Capulets together again.

Certainly there is enough material here for a large and vital novel. Miss Allis's novel is large but it is not vital. It is in fact peculiarly lifeless. About a fierce intra-family battle between railroad and steamboat interests she has written a pedestrian tale—which proves again that material is not enough. I should add that the Civil War, too, marches through the latter part of this novel, without accelerating its pace or its pulse.

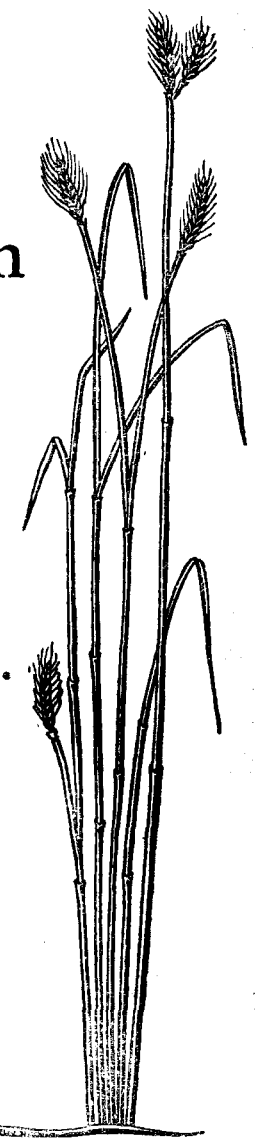
—Nathan L. Rothman.

THE SINGLE STAR, by W. Adolphe Roberts. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Hero of this adventure is Stephen Lloyd, son of a Confederate veteran who had settled in British Jamaica after the War for Secession. Now in the 1890's young Stephen's blood is stirred by another struggle which seems to him very like the one his father fought—although there must be some other views on that. At any rate he enlists first his sympathies and then his life in the Cuban rebellion against Spain. His participation in that war takes him—and us—across the water from Jamaica to Cuba, through the bush in a series of skirmishes and campaigns, into Santiago on a mission of espionage and recruiting of supplies, and at last into the clear with American intervention. He fights beside Gomez, rides with Teddie Roosevelt and his Rough Riders, and stalks the "Butcher," Weyler. These things stir him, but his great experience is the love of Ines Carmona, *La Estrella,* the Star of Cuba. Stephen and Ines must hold their passion in abeyance until the flag of liberty is raised over Cuba, and at the end, with victory not yet won, Ines sends him back to Charlotte, a girl at home.

History and romance are teamed to pull this tale along, and it would seem that either one of them ought to have been loosed, so the other might have its head. The history reads better than the romance; Stephen is an incredible, flat figure with stagey speeches and heroics. *La Estrella* is little better. What life the book has lies with the little Cuban men who carry the spears and perform the unheralded action.

—N. L. R.

Thomas Merton



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Father Merton's earlier volumes of poetry, *A Man in the Divided Sea* ($2.50) & *Figures For An Apocalypse* ($2.50) are also available from New Directions, Norfolk, Conn.

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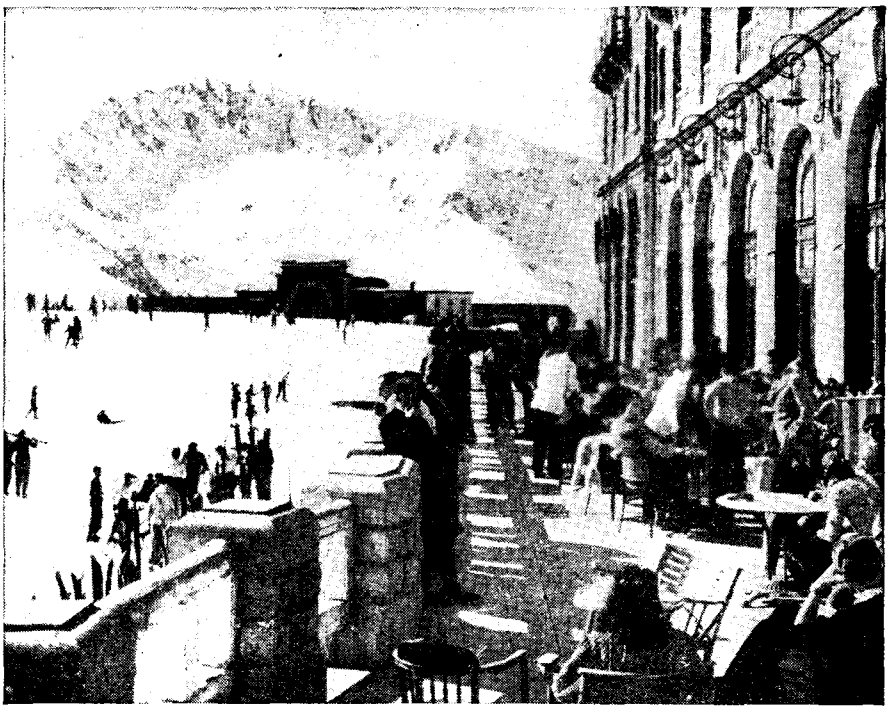

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

OF LOVES, LETTERS, AND LIBRARIANS

WE HAVE returned from seven weeks under the Roman sun to find our desk hemmed in like Switzerland by a mountain range of mail. Thus far we have dipped deep enough into this correspondence to discover at least two major controversies and a couple of minor ones which seem to have been smoldering in unopened letters, and in the breasts of readers, since September was a pup. The major controversies, which we shall dispose of first, concern the G. D. Searle Co., of Chicago, Ill., one of whose products (Dramamine) we publicized in this space (*SRL* May 7), and librarians as a species, one of whose capabilities (love) we minimized (*SRL* Aug. 27).

We got our ear in the wringer with librarians in a piece comparing "The American Guide," the "Guide to America," and Baedeker's old works on the United States. In a summation about the new American guides we said:

> To seek friendship in them while traveling the United States would be confusing the common touch with the academic approach—not altogether unakin, I should imagine, to making love to a librarian.

With that in type we blew town in an Air France Constellation, doubtless one of the wisest moves we ever made. From lovers of librarians, from husbands of them, and, indeed, from the librarians themselves came a bristling defense. Wrote Frank Bowling in New York:

> Ten years ago I was going around saying things like that about librarians, and thought I was unutterably clever and discerning. Since then I have learned how very wrong I was, and now point my corny witticisms in other directions.
>
> I am married to a librarian.
>
> This is not a defense of librarians. They need no defense.
>
> Modern librarians are not begoggled, tweedy, frustrated introverts who delight in finding the book you want not on the shelf. They are, as a group, charming, intelligent, stimulating, and attractive gals who not only know about books and such, but who know all about nylons, Chanel No. 5, vermouth cassis, and full moons. What's more there are plenty of guys who think they are a lot of fun to make love to. . . . I assume you have had no experience in the matter and are therefore not qualified to make any comments. . . .

From Long Beach, Calif., we got word from R. C. Talley:

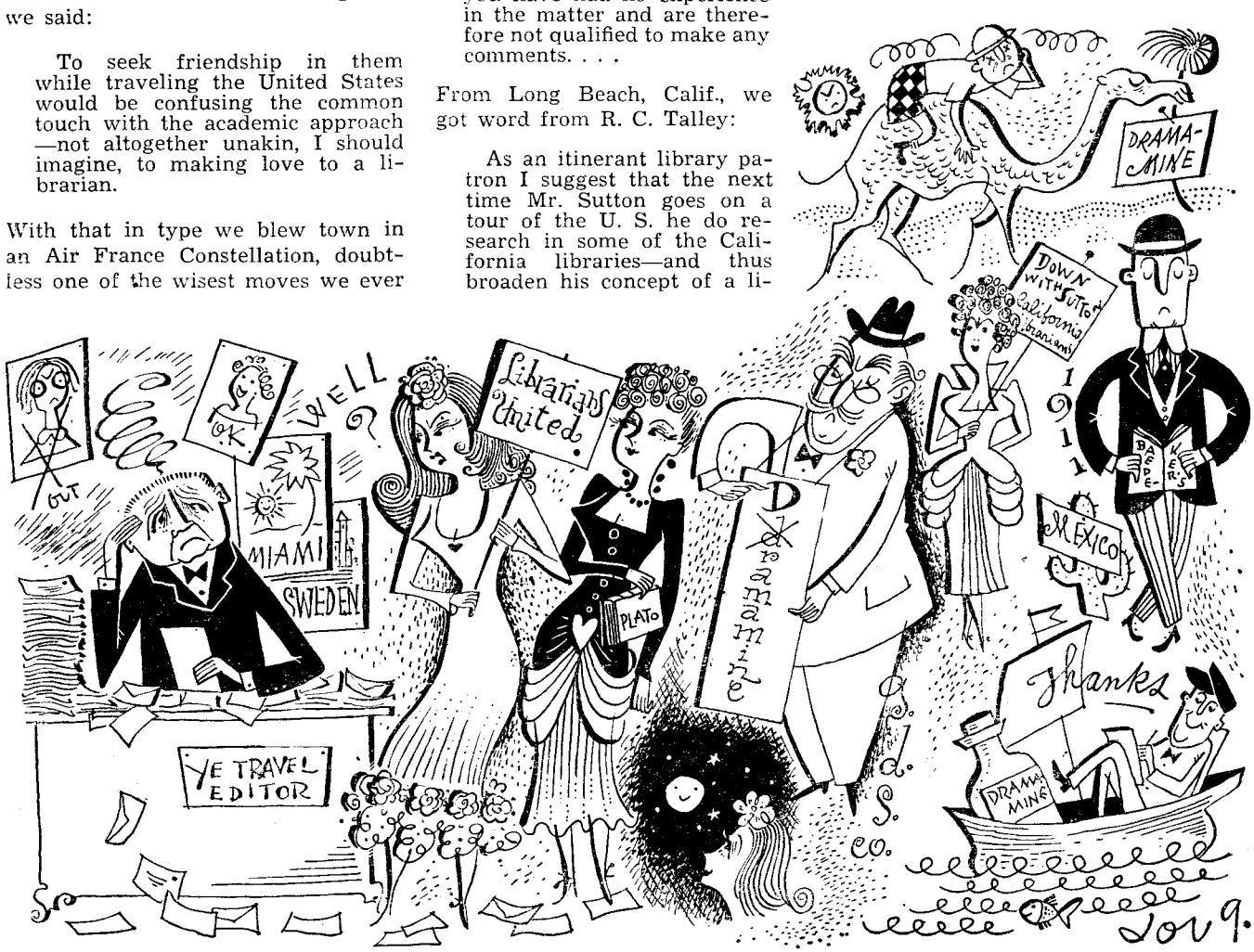
> As an itinerant library patron I suggest that the next time Mr. Sutton goes on a tour of the U. S. he do research in some of the California libraries—and thus broaden his concept of a librarian. . . . Off-hand I can recall three young librarians who combine academic "touch" with the "common" approach so charmingly that making love to any one of them would be a pleasure. . . .

Etta Salita, of Chicago, whose comments on the subject have already been printed in LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (*SRL* Sept. 24), thought we expected "too much of books and not enough of librarians." And with this sashweight to the cranium Mrs. Allen B. Bassett, of Brooklyn, knocked us colder than the haddock in Lindy's window. "Most librarians are normal human beings," the gentle hausfrau wrote, "and they are no different from business women or salesgirls as far as their qualities of love are concerned. Personally I think that love making from a man who writes book reviews would be quite dull."

The opinion from Mrs. Bassett, we were happy to see, is apparently not one held by all librarians, because in the mail we also found this:

> In reference to your article . . . may we ask: Have you ever made love to a librarian?
>
> Affectionately yours,
> TWO YOUNG LIBRARIANS.

(*Continued on page* 50)



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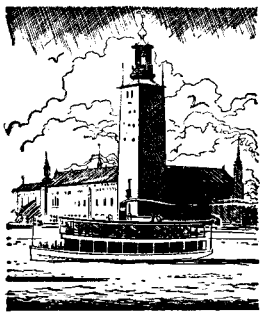

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(Continued from page 49)

We are also grateful to Alfred R. Kraig, assistant librarian of the Whatcom County Public Library, Bellingham, Wash., who forwards an advertisement which appeared in the July issue of *Library Journal*:

> Matrimonial opportunity for library school graduate. Public Library of Annapolis and Anne Arundel County, Annapolis, Maryland, loses one a year to Dan Cupid. Salary unimportant but is $2,500. County work with adults.

The same story which provoked librarians and laymen to a defense of the librarians' libido, also invoked a query on another tack from Hans H. A. Meyn, of New York:

> In your August 27 issue . . . Horace Sutton writes, "'Baedeker's United States with an Excursion Into Mexico'—published 1893 . . . was the last complete tourist guide [of the U. S.]. . . ." Apparently he has neither seen nor heard of Baedeker's third revised edition of that book, published in 1904. . . . I found the edition extremely useful on two extensive pleasure trips in 1911 and 1913.

To get around to the Searle story, back last spring we got an interview with Dr. Leslie N. Gay, the Baltimore doctor who had just discovered Dramamine, the new cure for motion sickness. Our article on Dramamine and what it would do for seasickness, the scourge of travelers as far back as the days of Ulysses, attracted a lot of attention, and was reprinted by the North American Newspaper Alliance and in the domestic and foreign-language editions of *The Reader's Digest*. Since we thought that was pretty good advertising we were somewhat nonplussed when we found ourselves in receipt of a letter from the G. D. Searle Co., sole manufacturers of Dramamine, who took us rather sharply to task for failing to spell Dramamine with a capital "D."

In our mountain of mail we found a letter from Dr. Gay himself, who, in our absence, had come swiftly to our side with a sharp letter of his own to the Searle people for having been such ingrates in the first place. There is also a new letter from Dr. Irwin C. Winter, director of clinical research for Searle, who now appreciates "seeing such well-written accounts of the utility of the preparation in question" and who insists that "certainly no offense was meant" and who now feels "that congratulations are in order to you for this type of write-up for the lay press, which we can appreciate is not always easy."

There are, of course, no hard feelings, and, to prove it, here are a few

orders, wholesale and retail, for Dramamine which have come to our desk and which we are glad to forward to the Searle Co. in the name of humanity and *mal de mer*:

> We are Englishmen who cross the rough Irish Sea only too often between Dublin and Liverpool. How can we get this drug? . . . If we can get Dramamine we may forgive Americans for devaluing the pound.
>
> A. F. SMITH.
>
> Trinity College,
> Dublin, Eire.

. . . . my wife is so terribly sensible to air-road and seasickness that even a few days after the end of the trip she is still sick. Therefore I will be very grateful if you could give me the address of a chemist. .

B. ISRAEL.
Pan African Trading Agency,
Tanganyika Territory,
East Africa.

. . . . As I am very much interested in the Sale of Drugs I would like to learn the name of the manufacturers of Dramamine. . . .

MAX THEE.
Zurich, Switzerland.

. . . . I am extremely interested in obtaining a supply. . . .

A. LINSLEY.
Claremont,
Well Lane,
Rawdon, Yorks,
England.

. . . we have a little boy and the car makes him sick. . . .

MRS. WILLIAM K. COOPER.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan,
Canada.

. . . . I have a client who is very determined to obtain a supply. . . .

HORACE REED.
Dispensing Chemist,
Smethwick, Staffs,
England.

. . . . Ich wäre Ihnen nun sehr dankbar, für die Angabe der Original-Literatur (medizinisch) und womöglich auch des Namens und der Adresse des Arztes oder

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HANDS
that cross the sea!

Sure hands that hold the wheel . . .
skilled hands that turn master
valves . . . deft hands that place a delicacy
on your plate . . . willing hands
that open a door . . . these are the hands
that cross the sea many times a
year to bring you the dependability and
comfort of a Cunard White Star
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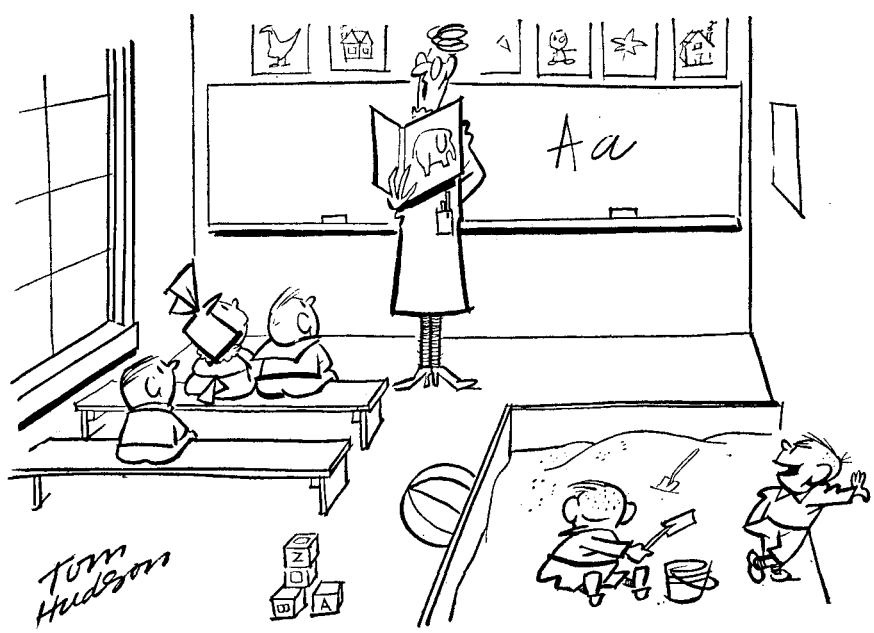
Has anybody in the place got an aspirin? —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

QUEEN NEW ORLEANS, by Harnett T. Kane. Morrow. $5. "The Queen" was a New-World transplantation of all the soft, pleasant, courtly eighteenth-century Continental ways. Then Napoleon sold Louisiana to the *Américains*—Kaintucks who were interested in a brawl and Yankees who were more interested in a buck. Creole and American united under Gov. Claiborne and Andrew Jackson to beat the British at New Orleans, and then combined to build a lusty, colorful, jazz-happy, absinthe-minded city. Harnett Kane tells it all in a research-enriched book, chock-a-block with anecdotes. There are sections on New Orleans eating and sightseeing, with maps and photographs.

ALL THE BEST IN HAWAII, by Sydney Clark. Dodd, Mead. $4. While the rest of us have been working that man Clark has been lazying under a palm frond gathering material for his eleventh book. His new work gives you just enough history to make things lively, tracing the islands from the days when to be caught eating with your wife, or letting your shadow fall on a chief, or—if you were a woman—to be found eating a banana, meant death. Later came the missionaries from Boston who clothed the beautiful Polynesian bodies in shapeless Mother Hubbards, which are still fashionable today. In the musical tones that the Islanders gave to Boston English, Malia became Mary, Kini became Jane, Kale is Charles, and Kaleponi is California. There is a language too, Clark says, in the hula, but to understand it one must concentrate on the dancer's hands. Few mainlanders learn the hula language. The islands are one night by air, five by sea from Kaleponi.

BAGHDAD-BY-THE-BAY, by Herbert Caen. Doubleday. $3.50. The Baghdad referred to is San Francisco, a city where racing is illegal but there are three tracks; the town has so many saloons the sailors call it Bar Harbor; the favorite drink on Skid Row is milk and gasoline, and the biggest American Legion post is 100 per cent Chinese. Herb Caen, who talks about S. F. like an overzealous parent in a daily column in the *Chronicle,* has written a lovable book about a lovable city. Some of his stories concern purely local characters such as Herbert Fleisshacker, the banker who gave the city the Fleisshacker Zoo. (Said a small child visitor one day, "Mommy I'm tired of looking at monkeys, I want to see the Fleisshackers.") Other tales involve such national characters as Saroyan (who suffers from "pernicious Armenia") and Bennett Cerf, of whom I'm sure everyone around here has heard. Some exciting sketches by Howard Brodie, onetime front-line combat artist for *Yank.* —H. S.



"Watch—I'm going to throw a tantrum without any psychological reason at all!"

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Seeing Things

WITH AND WITHOUT MUSIC

TWICE of late Lillian Hellman has been represented on Broadway, once in "Montserrat"* as an adapter of a foreign play, and then in "Regina"† as a dramatist whose "The Little Foxes" has been adapted into the foreign medium of quasi-opera. The two productions raise their interesting points. Regardless of their virtues or shortcomings, each in its different way proves how right Miss Hellman was when, in her fine and forthright preface to the Modern Library edition (1942) of her plays, she described herself as "a moral writer," drawn again and again by conscience and interest to the theme of "good and evil."

It is her desire to point a moral and the manifest fact that she has something to say which have persuaded Miss Hellman that she is not a melodramatist, even though it is at handling the turbulent stuffs of melodrama that she has excelled. Correctly she has reminded readers (in that same candid and illuminating preface) that melodrama by definition is "a violent dramatic piece with a happy ending," a piece which "uses its violence for no purpose." No one can maintain Miss Hellman's endings have been happy or that she has employed violence merely for its own sake. Yet the means she has chosen to reach her ethical conclusions have usually been of that taut, heightened, and meticulously contrived, if not over-contrived, kind associated with melodrama.

Instead of being frightened by unpleasant characters, she is fascinated by them. Her eagerness to reveal them as they are, in all their meanness, greed, or cruelty, is no doubt an indication of the vigor of her mind and conscience. She has never been one to show Beauty without the Beast: There is nothing wishy-washy about her. She is fond of whooping it up emotionally. Neither pale colors nor pale people appeal to her. She likes big scenes, climaxes that crackle, and characters who are willing to shout. It is not that her perceptions lack subtlety but that her spirit is bold to the point of violence. Even when dealing with weakness, she brings some of her own strength to its delineation. She is well aware that in a world without sinners there would be no saints. Hence her approach to good is apt to be through evil.

Perhaps what attracted Miss Hellman to "Montserrat," when she saw it in Paris a year ago, was this very absorption with good and evil. Seldom has villainy at its most diabolical and inhuman been shown putting virtue and innocence to so terrible a test as in this drama by Emmanuel Roblès.

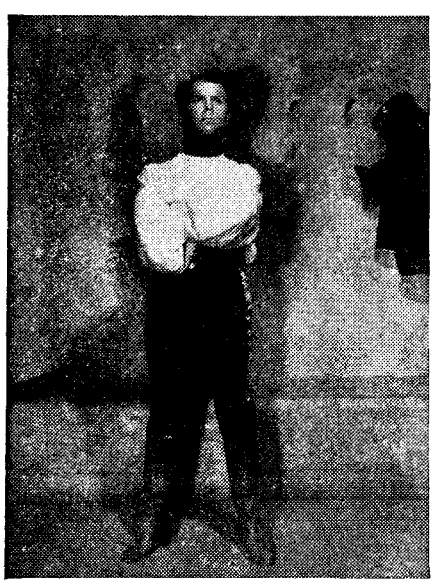
"Montserrat" derives its title from the name of a young Spanish officer who in 1812 sides with Bolivar in his revolt in Venezuela against Spanish oppression. When detained by the Royalists, Montserrat refuses to betray Bolivar's hiding place. The officer into whose hands Montserrat has fallen is more than ordinarily villainous. He exposes his captive to an ordeal far worse than physical torture. He has six innocent villagers of Valencia picked up at random and makes it clear to them and to Montserrat that they will be shot unless Montserrat supplies the desired information. And shot they are, in spite of Montserrat's agony or their own; shot because he realizes the cause in which he believes matters more than the fate of a few individuals.

SUCH a situation, dominated by so vile a villain and advanced in terms of the roll of muffled drums, the bursts of rifles, and the supplications or death cries of the condemned, would, it might seem, prove almost unendurable in its tension and its horror. Yet the odd truth is that, instead of being suspensive, "Montserrat" in its New York production is so repetitious and static a bore that one can hardly wait to have its victims shot. "I think we will be rid of you first" is the way the wicked Spaniard phrases it when sending the first villager to his death. And such good riddance he and his fellows prove to be in turn that it is impossible not to congratulate the officer on the exactitude of his word selection.

All the good people in Miss Hellman's adaptation, including Montserrat himself, have the substance though not the brightness of soap bubbles. Having no reality, they command neither interest nor sympathy. Nor are they helped by Miss Hellman's direction. They are such shadows that, more than failing to emerge even as types, they leave evil unop-

*MONTSERRAT, an adaptation by Lillian Hellman from the French of Emmanuel Roblès. Staged by Miss Hellman. Setting by Howard Bay. Costumes by Irene Sharaff. Presented by Kermit Bloomgarden and Gilbert Miller. With a cast including Emlyn Williams, William Redfield, John Abbott, Reinhold Schunzel, William Hansen, Julie Harris, Francis Compton, etc. At the Fulton Theatre, New York City. Opened October 29, 1949.

†REGINA, a musical drama, written and composed by Marc Blitzstein. Based on "The Little Foxes," by Lillian Hellman. Directed by Robert Lewis. Musical director, Maurice Abravanel. Settings by Horace Armistead. Costumes by Aline Bernstein. Presented by Cheryl Crawford in association with Clinton Wilder. With a cast including Jane Pickens, Brenda Lewis, Priscilla Gillette, George Lipton, William Wilderman, David Thomas, Russell Nype, William Dillard, Lillyn Brown, William Warfield, Philip Hepburn, etc. At the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre, New York City. Opened October 31, 1949.



—George Karger—Pix.

Emlyn Williams—"an evocation of evil."

—Alexander Bender.

Jane Pickens—"a flint-hearted cruelty."

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posed. Naturally this lack of opposition robs the play of the conflict it needs to hold the attention not only as a dramatic statement of a moral dilemma but also as a melodrama. The truth is the evening's only dynamic and compelling feature is Emlyn Williams's supremely suave, controlled, and brilliant playing of the brutal Spanish colonel. The figure Mr. Williams creates is so nerveless and ruthless an evocation of evil that one could swear the bad blood of all the Hubbards courses through his veins.

NEEDLESS to say, the Hubbards, the appalling, the conscienceless, the horrible but fascinating Hubbards, lead me to the musical drama Marc Blitzstein has based on "The Little Foxes." The production "Regina" has been given is admirable. Robert Lewis, one of the most gifted of our directors, again shows in touch after touch the high and releasing quality of his imagination. Horace Armistead's settings are effective, and Aline Bernstein's costumes outstanding in their beauty and their color. Jane Pickens, though no more a match for Tallulah Bankhead than anyone else

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by LILLIAN HELLMAN
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production directed by ROBERT LEWIS
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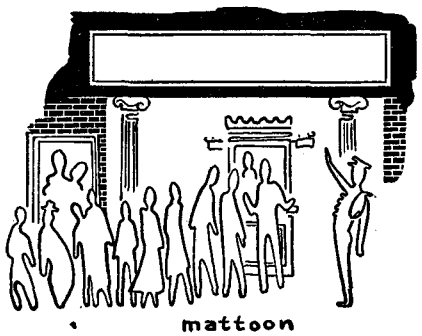
would be, has drive, presence, and a proper suggestion of flint-hearted cruelty as Regina. William Wilderman as her husband, George Lipton as her wicked brother Ben, Brenda Lewis as Regina's broken and aristocratic sister-in-law, Priscilla Gillette as her daughter, and Lillyn Brown as her servant, all sing and act forcefully and well. Moreover, the Negro Angel Band, which Mr. Blitzstein has added, and such a wonderfully gifted little Negro boy as Philip Hepburn in the part of Chinkypin (another of Mr. Blitzstein's additions) contribute both dramatically and musically to the performance's richness.

Yet, in spite of all these excellences, "Regina" raises for me at least a question which it never answers satisfactorily. That is why, in the name of reason and for the well-being of Miss Hellman's own excep-



tionally exciting play, the attempt should ever have been made to turn it into a musical drama. Although Mr. Blitzstein's score seems interesting enough to my untutored ears, and more than that to those whose knowledge of music I trust, I found it a constant deterrent rather than an aid.

For me it undoes the very thing Miss Hellman had done well. It interrupts the action, annihilates the illusion, and destroys the suspense. It acts as a brake, not an accelerator. Its colloquial and mundane recitatives struck me as downright silly. Even such a song as Birdie's confession of her sadness, beautifully sung by Miss Lewis, appeared to me the most unnecessary and inadequate substitute for Miss Hellman's speech with which Patricia Collinge used to tear the heart. Whenever it began to look as if the play might get on, however, the orchestra insisted upon striking up and slowing things down. I could never explain to myself why what had been said so well in one medium had to be resaid falteringly in another. Indeed, long before a long evening's end Keats's "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter" had taken on for me a meaning it had never possessed before.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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MAN AND THE SOCIAL APPETITE

(Continued from page 10)

the most dominant, and biologically the most important. The co-existence of so many different species of animals throughout the world is eloquent testimony to the importance of that principle. It is probable that man owes more to the operation of this principle than to any other in his own biological and social evolution. Indeed, without this principle of cooperation, of sociability and mutual aid, the progress of organic life, the improvement of the organism, and the strengthening of the species, becomes utterly incomprehensible.

On the basis of the facts we may conclude that the more cooperatively the members of any group behave, the more harmonious the social organization of that group is likely to be. In 1944 a group of distinguished biologists summed up the principle of cooperation in the statement that the probability of survival of living things increases with the degree in which they harmoniously adjust themselves to each other and to their environment. Today, contrary to the "Nature red in tooth and claw" school of natural selectionists, the evidence increasingly indicates that natural selection favors the cooperative as opposed to the disoperative struggling for survival. As Burkholder has recently stated, "The most important basis for selection is the ability of associated components to work together harmoniously in the organism and among organisms. All new genetic factors, whether they arise from within by mutation or are incorporated from without by various means, are accepted or rejected according to their cooperation with associated components in the whole aggregation."

We begin to understand, then, that evolution itself is a process which favors cooperating rather than disoperating groups. We can begin to understand, also, that natural selection is not to be regarded as a kind of Prussian officer who causes the strong to survive and condemns the weakest to death, but rather as a judge with a strong bias in favor of cooperation. Thus we can remove the brutal associations from the concept of natural selection and harmonize it with the principle of cooperation.

Cooperation is the law of life for the group as for the individual. We know that if a child does not receive adequate cooperation—that is to say, an adequate amount of love—from those who raise him, he will not develop into an adequate social being. More than this, we now know that each organism is born with an innate need to be cooperative, to give and receive love, to be good. If the infant's needs are adequately satisfied he cannot help but be good, that is, loving. The biological basis of love, of goodness, consists in the organism's drive to secure cooperation in the satisfaction of its basic needs. It is the satisfaction which the cooperators give it which causes the organism to feel secure. It will readily

Gale from the East

By Richard Hart

WHEN black-fringed clouds descending big with snow
Clot in the naked treetops, bending low
To spread a canopy that screens the morning,
The doubtful days have come, our gray goose weather.
Watching the falling glass, the small craft warning
Here where the ice is mitered to the land
Our eyes may strain to catch a glimpse of wings
Yet fail to spy the downward-circling feather
Until it lies upon an outstretched hand.

This is a time for husbandry, for wise delay.
No man of sense will stretch a seine today
Or mend the blinds and ready boats and gear
Only to see the wastage of his labor
By some wild blow the sky may strike tomorrow.
Better to idle till the glass is higher,
Find comfort trading bad news with your neighbor
And curse the weather by a poor man's fire.

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be understood, therefore, that love is cooperation and security.

This realization that the ethical conception of love, which almost all peoples have arrived at independently, is no mere artificial creation of man but is firmly grounded in the biological structure of man as a functioning organism is a discovery of the greatest possible significance for the future of mankind.

To summarize, then, we perceive that the biological basis of cooperation has its origins in the same sources as social behavior, namely, in the process of reproduction; that social, cooperative behavior is but the continuation and development of the maternal-offspring relationship. Cooperative social behavior is therefore as old as life itself, and the direction of evolution has, in man, been increasingly directed toward the fuller development of cooperative behavior. Cooperative behavior clearly has great survival value. When social behavior is not cooperative it is diseased behavior. The principle which controls all biologically healthy behavior is love. Love, social behavior, cooperation, and security mean very much the same thing. Without love there can be no healthy social behavior, cooperation, or security. To love thy neighbor as thyself is not simply good text material for Sunday morning sermons, but is perfectly sound biology.

Men who do not love one another are sick—sick not from any disease arising within themselves, but from a disease which has been enculturated within them by the false values of their societies. Belief in false values, in competition instead of cooperation, in class and race and national prejudice instead of cooperation, in narrow selfish interests instead of altruism, in atomism (especially atom-bombism) instead of universalism, in the value of money instead of the value of man, represents man turning upon all that is innately good in him.

Science points the way to survival and happiness for all mankind through love and cooperation. Do what we will, our drives toward goodness are as biologically determined as are our drives toward breathing. Our highly endowed potentialities for social life have been used to pervert and deny their very nature, and this has led us close to the brink of disaster. We cannot continue to deny these potentialities without destroying ourselves.

M. F. Ashley Montagu is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University.

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IDEAS ON FILM

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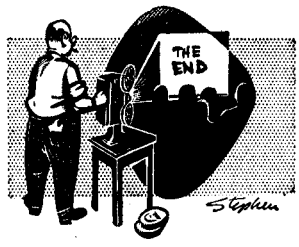
FILM programs are offered in the Brooklyn Children's Museum every day in the year except Sundays and holidays. On Saturdays and during the summer vacation each program is shown three times during the day. With an average attendance of ninety children per program, our total audience each year is in the thousands. Our purpose is to implement our collections and answer questions about science, natural history, and the social studies. We assume that children who use the Museum for recreational purposes know something of what the Museum has to offer, so that there is no need to lure them with cartoons, comedies, or fictional films. This may seem a stiff-necked approach to a day of pleasure in the Museum, but it is not so. We have always believed that learning is fun and fun is learning, and we have proved it to thousands of children in the past fifty years.

It would be absurd to claim that all the children who come to the Museum like and enjoy all the films shown at the Museum. There is no doubt, however, that all the children react favorably to some films, and that these reactions are as various as the sizes and shapes of the children who view them. Standards for films set up by children differ from standards established by adults not in quantity but in quality. Children are not dismayed by hammy acting provided the story is good. They will tolerate poor editing if the essential facts are not subverted. I do not mean to imply that children prefer imperfect films, for I know that they react immediately and spontaneously to technical excellence; but I do mean that children are far more apt to find the hidden values in films than are adults.

For a number of reasons, we at the Museum are fanatically particular about the films we purchase. In the first place, we have a totally inadequate budget, so that we must make every dollar do the work of several; in the second place, we hold a unique position in the world of children, established by our constant endeavor to offer them only superior materials; and, thirdly, as the oldest Children's Museum in the world, we accept the responsibilities of leadership. In spite of these cogent reasons for using only the very best films procurable, we still have in our film library some items that fall far short of our standards. Some of these are inadequate only because they are old and suffer from the technical defects of their era; others are poor in one respect or another but are the only items available in specific categories; and some others are the products of misguided generosity. Why do we use these films? The children still get something out of them that they like.

At the risk of offending the Yale Corporation, I should like to state that I am constantly amazed at the reception given to the Chronicles of America. While the content of these films is historically accurate, they are grossly overacted in the style of the early 1920's. They also presuppose a vast grasp of the American past not generally held by the children in our schools. Yet these films continue to appeal to the children because they show that our forefathers were heroic in stature and noble in purpose. Children as well as adults identify themselves with these heroes of history.



No one should mention Robert Flaherty's "Nanook of the North" (school version) in the same breath as other films of its period. And indeed, if it were not a silent film, I would be the last one to do it. But my purpose is to reiterate that an excellent silent film *can* hold its own with all the sound and color yet devised. Children willingly wait in line for their turn to see this obviously genuine recapitulation of life in a strange and remote place.

Our young audiences are extremely responsive to films about people who live in other parts of the world. They are delighted with any film depicting the manners and customs of people whose lives differ utterly from their own, and react very favorably to those that show similarities to their own mode of life. We have shown "Peoples of Canada," "A Backward Civilization, "A Visit to Ireland," "British Isles," "Australia," "Argentina," "Brazil," "Chile," and the films about children in China, Japan, the Aleutians, Mexico, France, Holland, and Switzerland scores of times to enthusiastic children, some of whom have viewed the films each time they were shown. They also enjoy films about people in our country whose way of life differs appreciably from their own. "Little Indian Weaver" and "Navajo Children" are extremely popular, as are our other Indian films, "Cheeka" and "Portage."

Animal films probably stand at the top of the list in popularity. No doubt the children in the Museum are conditioned to an interest in animals because of our extensive work with them. Whatever the reason, "Bunny Rabbit," "Gray Squirrel," "Common Woods Animals," "Snapping Turtle," "Robin Redbreast," "Fluffy Kitten," "Live Teddy Bears," "Beavers," "Raccoon," and dozens more are constantly in demand. It is amusing to observe the pleasure some of our young sophisticates get from the primary film "Bunny Rabbit."

Airplanes and flying are so much a part of today's world that it is not surprising that our audiences participate enthusiastically in any showing of films on aviation. Our only complaint on this score is that they know so much more than we do!

I have talked at length about children's reactions to educational films used for recreational purposes, but I have not indicated why children are willing to watch them in the first place. In so far as I am able to determine, many children who come to the Museum in their leisure time are interested in participating in several different kinds of activities. If the film program happens to touch on some subject of interest to them, they attend. Other children find it easier to break into the Museum world by anonymous attendance at the films first. Some children who regularly attend Museum films literally cannot afford movies elsewhere. The majority have simply made the Museum part of their world, and take whatever it has to offer in much the same way as they accept the diversions of home, school, and playground, critically or uncritically according to their natures.

—Rose Mary Daly.

Rose Mary Daly has been supervisor of education at the Brooklyn Children's Museum for almost ten years. The film program at the Museum dates back to World War I, when 35mm. motion pictures were used.

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The Film Forum

THE WORLD AT YOUNG FEET

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

CHILDREN see many non-theatrical films in the classroom, but increasingly 16mm. films are shown for their entertainment. The article in this issue by Rose Mary Daly tells how films are being used extra-curricularly at the Brooklyn Children's Museum. Libraries, clubs, and other organizations are turning more and more to films which will amuse and delight the youngsters they cater to—amuse and delight, in as constructive a way as possible. *SRL* readers will also be interested in knowing that one parent has written to this department saying that she recently purchased a 16mm. sound projector for her home, as a counter-offensive move against the fascination which her neighbor's television set holds for her own children.

Of course, we cannot pretend that all non-theatrical films for children are wonderful. They are not. But for the most part they are conscientiously working in the right direction. Compared with radio and television program material for children, they are of noticeably high caliber. Their major defect is in underestimating their audience's capacity for enjoying new and different experiences. Films offer children and adults alike a wonderful opportunity to keep growing mentally, emotionally, and spiritually, in many new situations which may never actually occur in their own lives.

But so often the film-maker is timid, more noticeably in what he says than in what he shows. "Here we are at the zoo," he begins. And anyone can see that we are indeed at the zoo. The film, incidentally, is entitled "The Zoo." "And there is so much to see, we hardly know where to begin." Well, Mr. Film-Maker, you'd better make up your mind very quickly. These are imaginative, curious, alert, interested children, and if you don't get started soon, if you haven't prepared some new and interesting experience to share with them, I'm afraid they will be happier if they make up their own story about the zoo, or anything else.

In this connection, a friend of mine reports that her three-and-a-half-year-old nephew recently went to her office with his parents to see some of their own home movies projected, and by chance a documentary film was shown afterwards. Young Craig sat through it and didn't have much to say when it was over. But he has pestered my friend about that film a dozen times since then. "Jo," he says, "when are you going to show me more pictures about the boats and fishes?" "Let's see more moving pictures, Jo." . . . The film he had seen was John Grierson's "Granton Trawler," one of the venturous documentary classics of the Thirties, which has no commentary but uses to great advantage the live sounds accompanying a fishing expedition off Scotland. No one explained to Craig that these were fish and boats and men; it seems that he was able to recognize them for himself. In his own way he understood the film. It was an experience in Craig's young life.

This doesn't mean that all children will enjoy all adult films, with or without spoken commentaries. But it does imply that it's about time for the people who make films, and the people who use them, to begin thinking of children as young *people*, not as a race apart. We want them to grow up, to mature, to learn to think and act wisely. We cannot afford to treat them as if they were idiots, just because we're bigger than they are.

* * *

Following are some recommendable films, arranged more or less in age-level gradation. Other worthwhile films include the excellent "Adventures of Chico" (*SRL* Sept. 17) and "The Loon's Necklace" (*SRL* July 16). More new films for children will be considered next mouth.

ADVENTURES OF BUNNY RABBIT

Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. Wilmette, Ill. (10 min.)

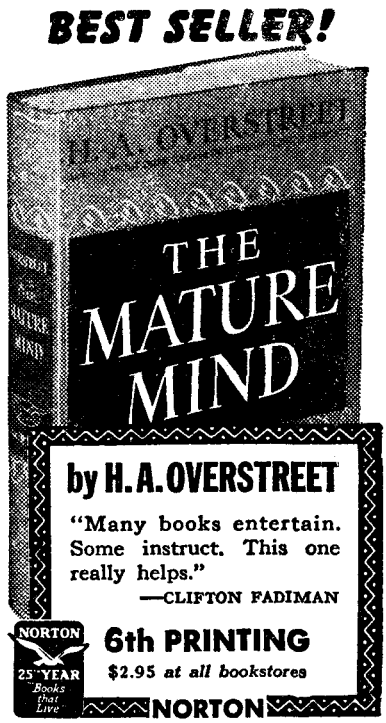
The story is reminiscent of Peter Rabbit and Mr. MacGregor's cabbage patch, with a live bunny in the leading role. Something of the habits and characteristics of the animal are shown; all in all, quite delightful.

LITTLE GRAY SQUIRREL

Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. See above. (10 min.)

A charming squirrel family, with three little ones who climb around,

BEST SELLER!



by H. A. OVERSTREET

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40 minutes. ..... Rental $7.50
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munch acorns, and perform other every-day squirrel antics that add up to an animal film of considerable appeal.

THE ZOO

Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. See above. (10 min., color.)

A fine trip to the zoo, in which we meet bears, lions, kangaroos, giraffes, zebras, elephants, and so forth. Vivid color helps make this one of the more pictorially attractive animals films for children.

HELLO PIRRO
PIRRO AND THE TELEPHONE
PIRRO AND THE PHONOGRAPH

Produced by Alvin and Darley Gordon. Distributed by Official Films, 25 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. (Approx. 10 min. each.)

Pirro is as delightful a puppet as we've ever seen, with a curiosity which children are sure to delight in. In these three films Pirro discovers himself in a mirror for the first time; he finds out how a telephone is used and is taught how a phonograph works. It's all very constructive for the younger set, and they should enjoy it heartily. Pat Patterson, who created and manipulates the puppet, provides the running commentary, which is warm and pleasant at its best, at worst too nervously repetitive.

Other titles in the series are "Pirro and the Thermometer," "Pirro and the Alarm Clock," "Pirro and the Lamp," "Pirro and the Magnet," "Pirro and the Scale," "Pirro and the Vacuum Cleaner," and "Pirro and the Blackboard." The films were directed by Alvin J. Gordon, visual educational consultant of San Francisco State College. Eight millimeter silent versions may also be purchased for home use.

SANDY STEPS OUT

Produced and distributed by Sterling Films, 316 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. (10 min.)

Sandy, our canine hero, visits a farm and meets rabbits, chickens, sheep, goats, ponies, ducks, etc. Pleasant throughout.

THE PRINCESS AND THE DRAGON

Produced by Films Polski. Distributed by Sterling Films. See above (10 min.)

A puppet fairy tale, excellently executed, with a fire-breathing dragon, a jolly king, his beautiful daughter, and a cobbler hero. Winner of the Cleveland Film Festival award as best children's film for 1949.

A CIRCUS WAKES UP

Produced by Films Polski. Distributed by Sterling Films. See above. (10 min.)

Before the big show begins, there is a great deal of exciting activity which the ordinary ticket-holder seldom has a chance to see: the elephant gets a bath, the lions are fed, acrobats rehearse, clowns put on their make-up and their outlandish costumes. And the film ends when the real circus begins.

SWEENEY STEPS OUT

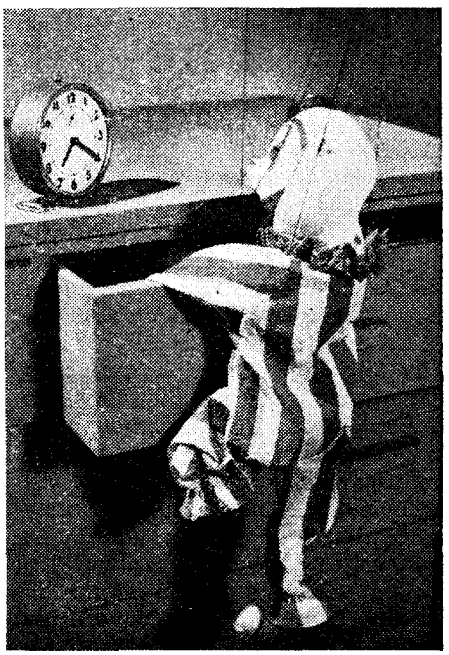
Produced by Film Associates, Inc. Available from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 W. 53rd St., New York, N. Y. For educational groups only. (10 min.)

Sweeney is a youngster who visits many of the animals at the Bronx Zoo, and has quite a time of it. John Kieran narrates the humorous commentary the photography is excellent, in every way the film stands out as a model of productions for and about youngsters. Directed by Joseph Krumgold, edited by Henwar Rodakiewicz.

WONDERS IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

Produced and distributed by Churchill-Wexler Films, 137 N. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif. (10 min., color.)

A boy and girl explore their backyard for wildlife, and find worms, a common house spider, a millipede, sow bugs, and a snail. The film is well organized—informative, entertaining,



—From "Pirro and the Alarm Clock."

Pirro—"a curiosity children are sure to delight in."

and unpatronizing. One remarkable sequence shows a snail walking over a pane of glass, photographed from the underside—as imaginative and fantastic as any fairy tale. The film ends with a suggestion to look around in your own backyard and "you'll be surprised at how many wonderful animals you can find."

SING A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP

Produced by New World Productions. Distributed by Official Films, 25 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. (Two separate reels, each about 10 min.)

Older children will enjoy these two reels of community singing, with words and music by Irving Caesar (of "Songs of Safety" fame). Each reel has three complete songs, sung by the Ken Darby Chorus, with color-animated pictures to tell the stories of tolerance and understanding. The cleverest of the lot is one entitled "Thomas Jefferski." "A name like Thomas Jefferson in some lands o'er the sea, would not be Thomas Jefferson but Thomas Jefferski. . . ." The point being that "people with the strangest names can be the best of friends."

A VISIT WITH COWBOYS

Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Ill. (10 min.)

A city boy visits a ranch, learns about modern cattle-tending, and sees a rousing rodeo. The film was made at an Arizona ranch, and has a pleasant Western musical back-

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VANGUARD

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ground—a new and commendable addition to EB films.

THE MIKADO

Produced by J. Arthur Rank. Distributed by United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. (95 min.)

Kenny Baker stars in this Technicolor Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. The music, settings, and performances are just about all that D'Oyly Carte himself could have wanted.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Produced by J. Arthur Rank. Distributed by United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. (118 min.)

The recent British production of Dickens's famous novel, featuring John Mills, Valerie Hobson, Jean Simmons, and Martita Hunt. The first part of the film, showing Pip's extraordinary childhood, is definitely best; but this is a good example, as a whole, of a more than adequate film version of a famous literary work.

PEIPING FAMILY

Produced and distributed by the International Film Foundation, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (21 min.)

This is one of the more imaginative films about children of other lands sure to please adults as well as children in this country. Julien Bryan and his staff have shown a middle-class Chinese family since the war with sympathy and sensitivity, capturing the dignity of the oriental tradition and the new influences of Western culture. The photography and commentary are excellent.

WIND FROM THE WEST

Produced by Arne Sucksdorff. Distributed by Films of the Nations, 55 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. (18 min.)

Ranking among the best children's films of all times, this motion picture will undoubtedly be popular with all its audiences for many years yet. The story: a Swedish schoolboy dozes in his classroom and dreams that he returns to the home of his ancestors in Lappland. Excellent outdoor photography, and a fairy-tale air of drama and adventure. Directed by the noted Swedish documentary producer Arne Sucksdorff.

CLEARING THE WAY

Produced and distributed by United Nations Film Division, Lake Success, N. Y. (40 min.)

Some New York City children find out about the U. N. when their favorite vacant lot is taken over as part of the grounds for the new United Nations headquarters. The film shows how the new buildings were planned, the demolition of the old East Side tenements, and groundbreaking ceremonies for the new buildings. The film is a bit too long, and some of the dialogue is stilted; but the story essentially is interesting and worth while. Directed by Hans Burger.

—CECILE STARR.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
RING THE BELL AT ZERO *Hugh Lawrence Nelson* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Private investigators visit Colo. mining-town summer resort to check on possibly addled spinster. Her murder starts things rolling.	Super-heated suspense at below-zero temperature. Crazy characters, including ghost, spooky atmosphere, thermometer - popping thrills—and ending that doesn't matter.	Chiller
THE BULLDOG HAS THE KEY *F. W. Bronson* (Farrar, Straus: $2.50)	State Dept. sleuth Brakely (Yale '22) ordered to attend 25th reunion, finds missing million in jools, missing professor, and has fun.	Glorious note struck by reunion chairman's letter to classmates unequaled by anything else in book, which is run-of-mill intrigue stuff.	Strickly collejut
FOUR LOST LADIES *Stuart Palmer* (Mill: $2.50)	Murderer who knows all tricks and formulas finally scotched by Insp. Piper and Hildegarde Withers—working on expense account.	Hildegarde upholds her reputation as best of American spinster sleuths in tale with numerous corpses, lots of action, and much Withersome humor.	Incomparable

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A Graveyard To Let

by CARTER DICKSON

Grumbling Sir Henry Merrivale ...and his first American case —a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't affair with Sir Henry's host disappearing before your very eyes. Up to his usual antics, H. M. raises havoc with the N. Y. subway system ... and knocks a walloping homer practically into the lap of a would-be murderer.

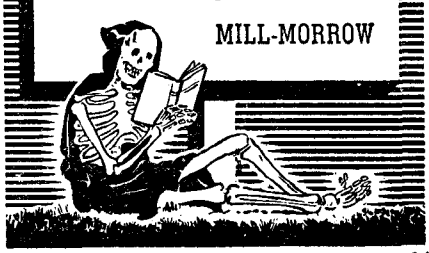
MORROW

The Hanging Heiress

by RICHARD WORMSER

"A new star in the mystery lineup. This prize package contains a provocative plot, a lively assortment of characters, but mostly that Wormser brand of good, sly fun. A triple-threat treat."—Dorothy B. Hughes.

MILL-MORROW



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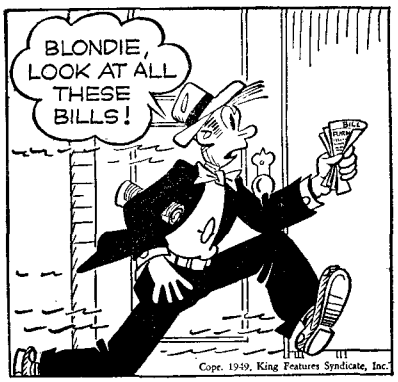

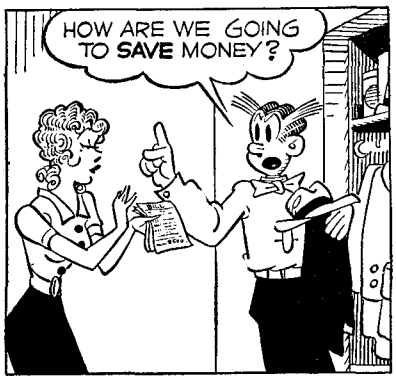

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BRUNO WALTER BEETHOVEN SERIES		
*BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #9 ("Choral"). New York Philharmonic, Westminster Choir, Bruno Walter. Irma Gonzalez, Elena Nikolaidi, Raoul Jobin, Mack Harrell. Columbia LP: SL-156 (1½) *also* MM 900 (8) (With Brahms: "Song of Destiny.")	This and Ormandy LP Ninth both technically modern, similar in general sound; new one is slightly cleaner throughout, not better acoustically. Most vital difference is in arrangement of LP sides—Walter has 1st and 2nd mvts. (both loud, violent) on side 1; Ormandy has 2nd mvt. at beg. of side 2, a better idea. Both recordings technically outclass all other U. S.-released Ninths.	Replaces the Ormandy-Phila. LP version (same chorus). Ormandy's was conscientious, average high-level playing. BW's is a "dedicated" performance, on far higher plane, matching greatest Ninth, especially the slow mvt. Finale shows usual confusion (it is semi-unperformable, however great the concept); European Ninths better here. Long playing puts these two recordings beyond all others in effectiveness.
*BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #3 ("Eroica"). New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia LP: ML 4228 *also* MM 858 (6)	A top-notch clarity and sharpness, excellent resonance and breadth; but sound is a trace thin, tinny. Easy to fix via tone control. More detail than any "Eroica" I've heard.	This will be the ultimate in "Eroica" playing for a good while. Also a "dedicated" performance, taut, ultra-clear, beautifully phrased, but non-eccentric, reflecting Beethoven not Bruno Walter. Only the scherzo seems bit oddly interpreted.
*BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #1. New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia LP: ML 2027 (10") *also* MM 796 (4)	Released some months back, and one of the best LP's to date. Similar to "Eroica" above; sounds better due to much simpler music.	*This one sustains* the high plane of this Beethoven series—I haven't heard a more exquisitely phrased, more potent First than this.
45 RPM MISCELLANY		
* TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY #4. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1318 (5)	Not a "brilliant" recording, the high end rather subdued, but rich liveness more than makes up, listening-wise. Some trouble (limiter?) with loud cymbal crashes.	The traditional opulent BSO recording fits this music well and Koussevitzky does one of his more precisely tailored jobs; some sedateness does no harm here!
*BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #5. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1313 (4)	Similar to the Tchaikovsky above—but Beethoven's more square-cut music suffers in the too-golden liveness.	A familiar Fifth in the old Koussevitzky recording and many concerts—massive, rather pompous, logy in more dynamic spots, faultlessly played.
*GLAZOUNOFF: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN A MINOR, OP. 82. Nathan Milstein; RCA Victor Sym., Steinberg. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1315 (3)	Very lovely sound—this is the stuff that Victor grew up on in ye old days. Close-up, sweet solo; orchestra a pleasingly vague background.	A "period-piece" recording and performance, perfect of its type. Luscious background music, meltingly played—no misplaced tonal hardness here.
*ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. RCA Victor Chorale, Robert Shaw. Carl Weinrich, organ. RCA Victor MO, WMO 1314 (3)	A remarkable job of churchly choir-and-organ recording. (Choir sings familiar hymns with church-service-type organ accompaniment.)	Music lovers may snort—but these ripely familiar items are murdered weekly the land o'er; we might as well have them sung well for once.
*ANDERSON: "SLEIGH RIDE"; "SERENATA." Boston "Pops" Orch., Fiedler. RCA Victor 49-0515 (7") ——— 10-1484 (10")	A fine hi-fi demonstration for your 45 rpm machine—it has a bit of everything! Skating-rink style.	Less said the better.

*Reviewed from slow-speed version.

—Edward Tatnall Canby.

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the Phoenix Nest

NOVEMBER DAWN

DOVE-GRAY and shell-pink sky,
And leafless trees like lace,
Mirrored in pools of rain,
Where once was moon-filled space,
A cold wind hurries by.

Out of the ebbing night,
The colored grasses blow,
The reeds stand sharp as pain,
Whitened with frost and snow;
Tremulous with light.

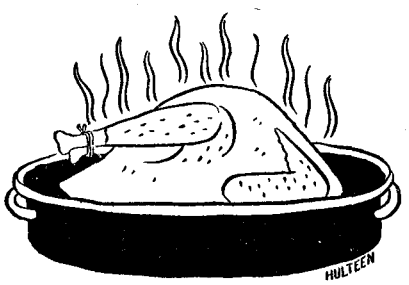
—ISABELLE ANN KFOURY.

* * *

I recently borrowed a book from Paul Manship, the sculptor, which I have found completely absorbing—"Scouting on Two Continents," by Major Frederick Russell Burnham, elicited and arranged by Mary Dixon Everett and published in 1926 by the Garden City Publishing Company. Burnham's account of scouting in the Southwest, but, most of all, his experiences in Africa in the Matabele War and later on in the Boer War, are breathtaking. Of course, he was a great admirer of Cecil Rhodes, about whom there are various opinions; but you are convinced that Burnham is always telling you what actually happened. He is no dogmatist, but a born adventurer, to whom the vision of Rhodes represented a mighty dream of civilization. The last stand of Major Allan Wilson against the Matabele, overpoweringly outnumbered, is (with all its attendant circumstances) the most exciting account I have read since, in a dusty attic in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, I as a boy lay on the floor with old copies of the *Century Magazine*, and gasped over Forsythe at Beecher's Island and the last charge of that great Indian warrior Roman Nose.

* * *

Which reminds me of the first three bound volumes of *McClure's Magazine*, kindly lent me by Arthur Coe, of Rockport, which I have now read and returned. They cover most of the years 1893-94 (the First Matabele War took place in 1893). One discovers, through one short story, that the telephone was then a comparatively new appliance, as related in "The Joneses' Telephone," by Annie Howells Fréchette, the sister of William Dean Howells. The first number of the first volume of *McClure's* opens with a dialogue between William Dean Howells and the then well-known professor at Columbia Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen—the initial one of an interesting series of "Real Conversations" continued through the volumes, several of the best being between Frank R. Stockton and Edith M. Thomas, James Whitcomb Riley and Hamlin Garland, and A. Conan Doyle and Robert Barr. A series of "Human Documents," being portraits of "Distinguished People at Different Ages" (from childhood on), include Sardou, Cardinal Gibbons, William Thomas Stead, Rider Haggard, Andrew Lang, Ernest Renan, and many others. It was the day of the composite photograph, and "The Edge of the Future" was discussed by Thomas A. Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, and others. Incidentally, the latter remarked that "seeing by electricity" was "merely a question of finding a diaphragm which will be sufficiently sensitive to receive vibrations and produce the corresponding electrical variations." Fiction included the names of Joel Chandler Harris, Gilbert Parker, Stanley J. Weyman, "Q," Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy, A. Conan Doyle ("The Last Episode in the Life of Sherlock Holmes), Rudyard Kipling (as well as "Kaa's Hunting," a blameless humorous story actually entitled "The Legs of Sister Ursula"!), Octave Thanet (who was Alice French, the American novelist), Bret Harte, and I. Zangwill. Notable *not* in fiction was an account by a new writer named Stephen Crane of life "In the Depths of a Coal Mine"; while Hamlin Garland attended to the steel mills at Homestead. Not yet to chronicle Standard Oil, Ida M. Tarbell interviewed Pasteur, wrote of the Bertillon system of identification of criminals, and of the observatory on top of Mt. Blanc. The quest for the North Pole and the taming of wild animals both seemed favorite subjects, treated by various hands, both famous and less well known. Cy Warman covered railroading. Flammarion, the astronomer, and Archdeacon Farrar were both questioned in their homes, as well as Mr. Gladstone, Monsieur De Blowitz, who was "a very remarkable human fact" and should be seen (as photographed) in the study of his "eyry" on the North coast of France—to be appreciated, in dressing gown and sideburns!—, Oliver Wendell Holmes talked to by Edward Everett Hale, Colonel Frederick Grant interviewed about his father (and there are at least five articles about General Grant in one volume), William McKinley in several papers, Mr. Dana of *The Sun*, Alphonse Daudet interrogated by R. H. Sherard, and so on. Stevenson's "The Ebb Tide," which he wrote with Lloyd Osbourne, ran as a serial from February 1894 to July of the same year. Doutless I have overlooked other salient features. But for its day this animated venture of S. S. McClure's was an exceptionally lively magazine!



* * *

LEGISLATOR

The session on, he wields an ax
To pare a budget or a tax.

He bends his rugged, spare or fat
form
To hammer planks into a platform.

He forges links with other nations;
He harnesses streams at power
stations

He punctures, patches up a law;
He sets up, bowls down men of straw.

Manipulating weights and measures
Is an activity he treasures.

With care he works (he wants no
flaw)
To make quite sure his draft will
draw.

Among his many other dealings,
He nails down floors and lifts off
ceilings.

Our Congressman can rear or raze;
He finds the means, he knows the
ways.

The session over, does the guy
His kit of saws, nails, screws lay by?

No, no. He hurries home, commences
At once to mend the local fences.

—A. S. FLAUMENHAFT.

* * *

I am happy to share this interesting letter from Basil Davenport:

I was glad to see Elmer Davis's plug for Herodotus in your *SRL*

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column. You may be interested to know that the story of Queen Nitocris, which is the origin of Dunsany's "The Queen's Enemies," was also the basis for a full-page Tarzan adventure in the Sunday comics. The surprising point is that in the Tarzan page the queen is called Nikotris (sic), an obvious allusion to Herodotus; and, since the queen in Dunsany is not named, Edgar Rice Burroughs (or someone in his stable) must have gone over Dunsany's head to the source! You are right in thinking that the story of Rhampsinitus and the Clever Thief is also in Herodotus, but I am pretty sure nobody has dramatized it. The beheading of the brother in the mantrap, the proffer of the severed arm to the princess-prostitute, even the theft of the headless body from the gallows, would all be pretty grand-guignol on the stage. (I guess *that* sentence ought to get some readers for the old Halicarnassian!)

Speaking of borrowings from the classics, there was a discussion in Bennett Cerf's column while I was at the wars and too far away to join in. There had been a story in one of the popular magazines, I believe, in which a captive escaped torture by pretending to show the savage chief a medicine that would make him invulnerable; the captive brewed his balsam, and as a test anointed his own neck with it, and told the chief to try his sword; the chief did, and struck off the captive's head, as he had planned. Some of Bennett's correspondents traced this back to Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great," but it goes back farther than that, to the passage in the "Orlando Furioso" where Isabella escapes being raped by the drunken Rodomont. (*Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella!*)

* * *

"WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON—"

O ripe persimmon moon in the tree of night,
How shall we celebrate you when you have become
A refueling point for our daily rocket flight?

O golden All Saints' moon, how shall we praise
A scheduled stop, familiar terminal,
(With pressurized rest-rooms perhaps) for tourists in space?

Luminous target in the autumn skies,
Our radar signals strike you and rebound.
In what fair terms may love apostrophize
You now, O moon, what matchless verse devise?

—Frances Denning.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

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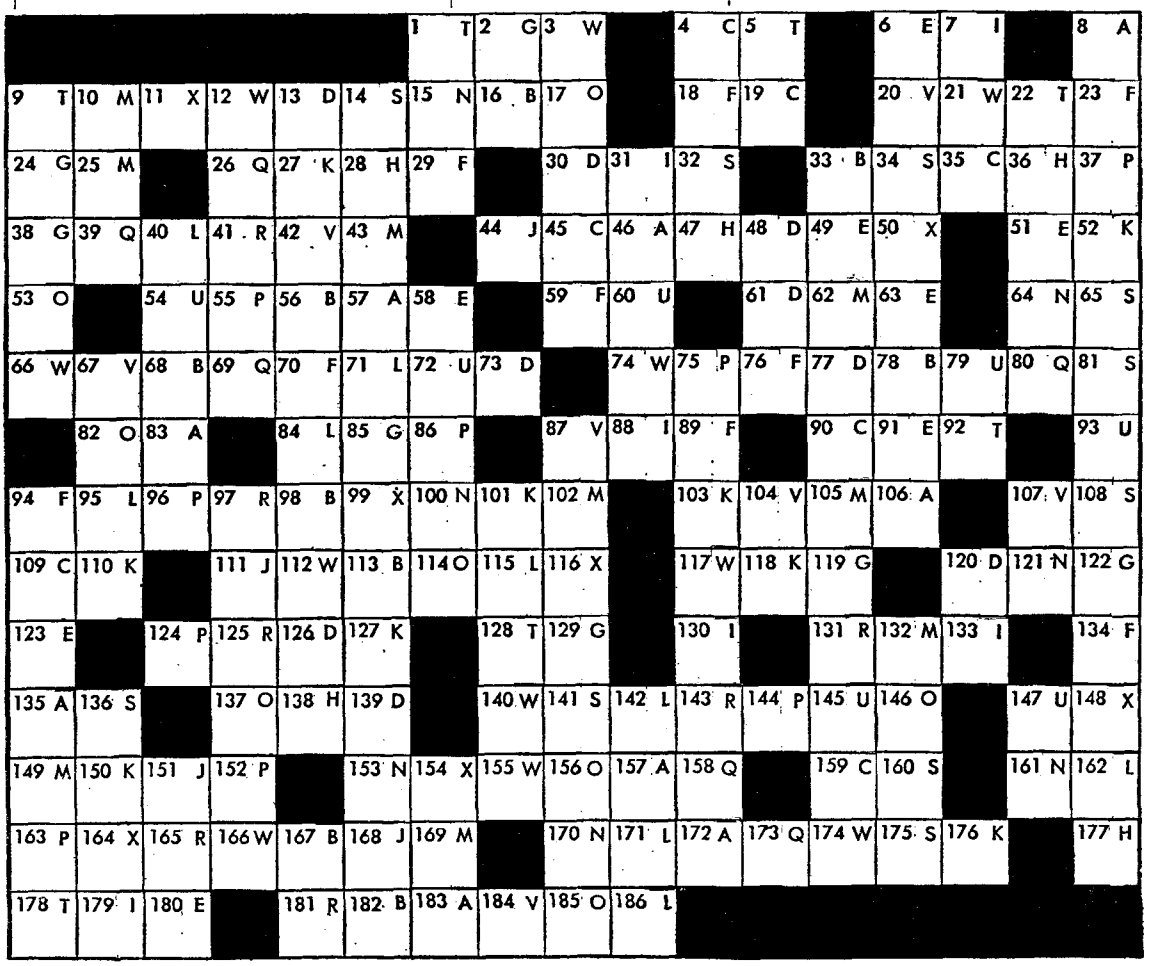
E. Swiss orchestral conductor, esp. noted for his Stravinsky (1883-).	91 123 58 49 180 6 63 51
F. What Drake called the region now Northwestern U. S. (2 wds.).	89 94 134 70 23 76 18 59 29
G. Senior member of a body or group, as of a diplomatic corps (fem.).	119 85 129 24 2 38 122
H. English dramatist (1652-85; "The Atheist, a Comedy," etc.).	28 36 47 138 177
I. An Indian of a Betoyan tribe (Southeastern Colombia, S. A.).	7 130 31 179 133 88
J. English woman novelist notorious for her infatuation with Byron (1785-1828).	168 151 111 44
K. One of the Aloadae (Gr. myth.).	110 27 52 150 118 101 103 127 176
L. An obese character in "Pickwick Papers" (3 wds.).	40 186 115 95 171 71 162 142 84
M. Popular novel by Samuel Lover, 1842.	62 132 43 149 102 105 10 25 169
N. To surround entirely.	121 170 64 100 153 161 15
O. Woman writer, in famous New England family (1789-1867).	17 53 114 146 137 82 185 156
P. Unjustly and irritatingly discriminating.	144 152 163 96 124 37 75 86 55
Q. A sulky person.	69 173 80 26 39 158
R. Grandmother of Hiawatha (Longfellow).	97 125 143 165 131 41 181
S. Place associated with a heroic stand made by John Brown, Aug. 1856.	136 81 65 175 14 160 108 141 34 32
T. A page; an attendant.	5 178 9 22 128 1 92
U. Bred, as dogs, for points.	60 54 145 79 147 72 93
V. Applied to a policy of shutting one's eyes in time of danger.	42 107 20 184 67 87 104
W. Sinful; wicked.	166 155 66 21 12 117 74 3 174 112 140
X. Came across, sometimes violently (2 wds.).	116 154 148 164 50 99 11

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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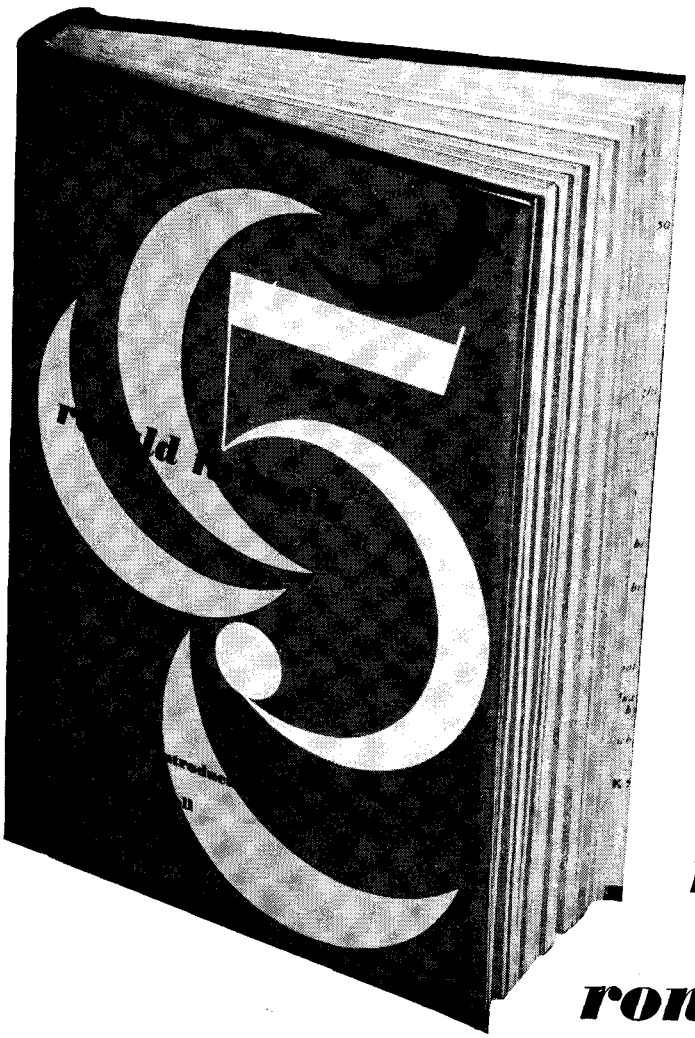

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